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DRAB BONNETS.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

Verses occasioned by reading in a morning paper, that at a Meeting convened in London, for some charitable purpose, "among other Ladies we observed a considerable number whose Drab Bonnets bespoke them members of the Society of Friends."

They may cant of costumes, and of brilliant head dresses,
A la Grecque—a la Francoise—or what else they will:
They may talk of tiaras, that glitter on tresses
Enwreath'd by the Graces, and braided with skill:
Yet to my partial glance, I confess the drab bonnet
Is loveliest of any,—and most when it bears
Not only the bright gloss of neatness upon it—
But, beneath,—the expression benevolence wears;
Then let fashion exult in her vapid vagaries,
From his fascinations my favorite is free:
Be folly's the head gear that momently varies,
But a Bonnet of drab is the sweetest to me.

Though stately the ostrich-plume, gracefully throwing
Its featherly flashes of light on the eye;
Though tasty and trim the straw bonnet, when glowing
With its ribbons so glossy of various dye!—
Yet still I must own, although some may deem duller
Than a simple drab bonnet to many a gaze—
It is, and it will be, the favorite color,
Around which my fancy delightedly plays:—
And it well suits my muse with a garland to wreathe it,
And echo its praises with gratefullest glee,—
For, knowing the goodness that oft lurks beneath it,
The Bonnet of drab beats a turban with me.

Full many a rare gem,—the poet has chaunted,—
In the depths of the ocean flings round its sheen;—
And many a flow'ret, its beauties unvaunted,
Springs to life, sheds its perfume, and withers unseen:
And well do I know that our sisterhood numbers,
Arrayed in the livery that coxcombs reprove,—
Forms as fair as e'er rose on a poet's sweet slumbers,
And faces as lovely as ever taught love.
This I know, and have felt;—and, thus knowing and feeling,
A recreant minstrel I surely should be,
If, my heart-felt attachment ignobly concealing,
The Bonnet of drab met unhonored by me!

I have bask'd in the blaze of both beauty and fashion,—
Have seen these united with gifts rich and rare,
And crown'd with a heart that could cherish compassion,—
And by sympathy soften what sorrow must bear.
Yet acknowledging this,—which I can do sincerely,—
For the highest enjoyment this bosom e'er knew,
The glance which it treasures most fondly, most dearly,
Beam'd from under a bonnet of drab-colored hue,
'Twas my pleasure,—my pride!—it is past, and has perish'd,
Like the track of a ship o'er the dark-heaving sea;
But its loveliness lives, in remembrance is cherish'd,
And the Bonnet of drab is still beauteous to me!

Correspondence of the Courier.

Metaphysics in Paris.

By the author of "The Yellowplush Correspondence."

I don't know an impression more curious than that which is formed in a foreigner's mind, who has been absent from this place two or three years, returns to it and beholds the change which has taken place in the mean time, in French fashions and ways of thinking. Two years ago, for instance, when I left the capital, I left the young gentlemen of France with their hair brushed up *en toupet* in front, and the toes of their boots round: now the boot toes are pointed, and the hair, combed and parted in the middle, falls in ringlets on the fashionable shoulders; and in the manner, with books as with boots, the fashion has changed considerably, and it is not a little curious to contrast the old modes with the new. Absurd as was the literary dandyism of those days, it is not a whit less absurd now; only the manner is changed, and our versatile Frenchmen have passed from one caricature to another.

The Revolution may be called a caricature of freedom, as the Empire was of glory; and what they borrow from foreigners undergoes the same process. They take top-boots and Mackintoshes from across the water and caricature our fashions; they read a little, very little, Shakspeare, and caricature our poetry; and as while David's time art and religion were only a caricature of heathenism, now, on the contrary, these two commodities are imported from Germany, and, distorted caricatures originally, are still further distorted on passing the frontier.

I trust in heaven that German art and religion will take no hold in your country and in ours, where there is a fund of roast beef that will expel any such humbug in the end,) but these sprightly Frenchmen have relished the mystical doctrines mightily, and have watched the Germans with their sanctified looks and quaint imitations of the old times, and mysterious transcendental talk, and are aping many of their fashions—as well and solemnly as they can—not very solemnly, God wot, for I think one should always prepare to grin when a Frenchman looks particularly grave, being sure that there is something fake and ridiculous lurking under that owl-like solemnity.

When last in Paris, we were in the midst of what was called a Catholic reaction. Artists talked of faith in poems and pictures; churches were burnt here and there; old missals were hunted and purchased; and numberless portraits of saints, with as much gilding about them as was used in the fifteenth century, appeared in churches, ladies' boudoirs, and picture-shops. One or two fashionable preachers rose and were eagerly followed. The very youth of the schools gave up their pipes and billiards for a time, and flocked in crowds to Nôtre Dame under the feet of Lacordaire. I went to the church of Nôtre Dame de Lorrette yesterday, which was finished in the heat of this Catholic rage, and was not a little struck by the [illegible] of the place to the worship celebrated there, and the admirable manner in which the architect had caused his work to express the public feeling of the moment. It is a pretty little [illegible] of a church; it is supported by sham marble pillars; it has a gaudy ceiling of blue and gold, which will look very well for some time, and is filled with gaudy pictures and carvings in the very pink of the mode. The consecration did not offer a bad illustration of the present state of the Catholic reaction. Two or three stray people were at prayers; there was no service; a few countrymen and idlers were gaping about at the pictures; and the Swiss, the guardian of the place, was comfortably and sprightly asleep on his bench at the door. I am inclined to think the famous reaction is over. The students have taken to their Sunday pipes and billiards again, and one or two cafes have been established within the last year, that are ten times handsomer than Nôtre Dame de Lorette.

However, if the immortal Gorres and the German mystics have had their day, there remain the immortal Goethe and the Pantheists, and I am led to think that the fashion has set very strongly in their favor. Voltaire and Encyclopedists are voted now barbares, and there is no reprobation strong enough for heartless Diderot and Helvetiuses, who lived but to deny, and who only thought to doubt. Wretched Voltaire's sneers and puns are, I think there is something more manly and earnest even in them than in the present muddy French transcendentalism. Pantheism is the word now: one would have begun to *éprouver* the *génie* of a religious sentiment; and we are deluged with a set of gods accordingly. Monsieur de Balzac believes himself to be inspired; Victor Hugo is a god; Madame Sand is a god; that tawdry man Jules Janin, who writes theatrical reviews for the "Debats," has divine intimations; there is scarce a beggarly beardless scribbler of poems and prose but tells you in his preface of the sainteté of the *sacerdoce littéraire*, or some student, sucking tobacco and beer, and going home with a grisette from the chaumiere, is not convinced of the necessity of a new [illegible]," and will hiccup to such as will listen chapters of his own drunken Apocalypse. [illegible], the negatives of the old days were far less dangerous than the assertions of the present, you may fancy what a religion that must be, which has such high-priests.

There is no reason to trouble the reader with [illegible] of the lives of many of these prophets and [illegible] of new revelations. Madame Sand, for instance, I do not know personally, and can speak of her from report. True or false, the story at any rate is not very edifying, and [may] be passed over; but as a certain great [teac]her has told us in humble and simple [words] that we are not to expect to gather [grapes f]rom thorns or figs from thistles, we may [illegible] demand in all persons assuming the character of moralist or philosopher, order, soberness, and regularity of life; for we are apt to [illegible] the intellect that we fancy can be sway[ed by] circumstance or passion, and we know how circumstance and passion *will* sway the intellect, how mortified vanity will form excuses for itself, and how temper turns angrily upon conscience that reproves it. How often have we called our judge our enemy, because he has given sentence against us! How often have we called the right wrong, because the right condemns us! And in the lives of many of the bitter foes of the Christian doctrine can we find no personal reason for their hostility? The men in Athens said it was out of regard for religion that they murdered Socrates; but we have had time since then to reconsider the verdict, and Socrates's character is pretty pure now, in spite of the sentence and the jury of those days.

The last work of Madame Sand, who is the most eloquent writer, I think, that her sex ever produced, and the best writer of her day now in France, is a little novel called Spiridion, in which this extraordinary woman asserts openly her pantheistical doctrine, and attacks the religion which she is pleased to think so faulty. She declares it to be useless now, and unfitted to the exigencies and the degree of culture of the actual world; and though it would be hardly worth while to combat her opinions in due form, it is at least worth while to notice them, not merely from the extraordinary eloquence and genius of the woman herself, but because they express the opinions of a great number of people besides; for she not only produces her own thoughts, but imitates those of others very eagerly; and one finds in her writings so much similarity with others, or in others so much resemblance to her, that the book before us may pass for the expression of the sentiments of a certain French party.

Dieu est mort, says another writer of the same class, and of great genius too—*Dieu est mort*, writes Mr. Henry Heine, speaking of the Christian God, and he adds in a daring figure of speech—*n'entendez vous pas sonner la Clochette?—on porte les sacremens à un Dieu qui se meurt!* Another of the pantheist poetical philosophers, Mr. Edgar Quinet, has a poem in which Christ and the Virgin Mary are made to die similarly, and the former is classed with Prometheus. This book of Spiridion is a continuation of the theme, and perhaps you will listen to some of the author's expositions of it.

It must be confessed that the controversialists of the present day have an eminent advantage over their predecessors in the days of folios. It required some learning then to write a book, and some time at least, for the very labor of writing out a thousand such vast pages would demand a considerable period; but now, in the age of duodecimos, the system is reformed altogether: a male or female controversialist draws upon his imagination and not his learning—makes a story instead of an argument, and in the course of a hundred and fifty pages (where the preacher has it all his own way) will prove or disprove you any thing. And to our shame be it said, we Protestants have set the example of this kind of proselytism—those detestable mixtures of truth, lies, false-sentiment, false-reasoning, bad grammar, correct and genuine philanthropy and piety—I mean our religious tracts, which any woman or man, be he so silly, can take upon himself to write and sell for a penny, as if religious instruction were the easiest thing in the world. We, I say, have set the example in this kind of composition, and all the sects of the earth will doubtless speedily follow it. I can point you out blasphemies in famous pious tracts that are as dreadful as those above mentioned, but that this is no place for such discussions, and we had better return to Madame Sand. As Mrs. Sherwood expounds by means of many touching histories and anecdotes of little boys and girls, her notions of Church history, Church catechism, Church doctrine—as the author of "Father Clement, a Roman Catholic Story," demolishes the stately structure of eighteen centuries, the mighty and beautiful Roman Catholic faith, in whose bosom repose so many saints and angels—by means of a three and sixpenny duodecimo volume, which tumbles over the vast fabric as David's pebble-stones did Goliah—as again the Roman Catholic author of "Eveline" falls foul of Luther and Calvin, and drowns the awful echoes of their tremendous Protest by the sounds of her little half-crown trumpet—in like manner, by means of pretty sentimental tales, and cheap apologue, Mrs. Sand proclaims *her* truth: that we need a new Messiah, and that the Christian Religion is no more! Oh awful, awful name of God! Light unbearable! Mystery unfathomable! Vastness immeasurable!—who are these who come forward to explain the mystery, and gaze unblinking into the depths of the light, and measure the immeasurable vastness to a hair? Oh name that God's people of old did fear to utter! Oh light that God's prophet would have perished had he seen! Who are these that are now so familiar with it? Women, truly; for the most part weak women—weak in intellect, weak maybap in spelling and grammar, but marvellously strong in faith—women who step down to the people with stately step and voice of authority, and deliver their two-penny tablets, as if there were some Divine authority for the wretched nonsense recorded there!

With regard to the spelling and grammar, our Parisian Pythoness stands in the goodly fellowship remarkable. Her style is a noble, and, as far as a foreigner can judge, a strange tongue, and beautifully rich and pure. She has a very exuberant imagination, and with it a very chaste style of expression. She never scarcely indulges in declamation, as other modern prophets do, and yet her sentences are exquisitely melodious and full. She seldom runs a thought to death (after the manner of some prophets, who, when they catch a little one, toy with it until they kill it)—but she leaves you at the end of one of her brief, rich, melancholy sentences, with plenty of food for future cogitation. I can't express to you the charm of them; they seem to me like the sound of country bells—provoking I don't know what vein of musing and meditation, and falling sweetly and sadly on the ear.

This wonderful power of language must have been felt by most people who read Madame Sand's first books, Valentine and Indiana; in Spiridion it is greater, I think, than ever; and for those who are not afraid of the matter of the novel, the manner will be found most beautiful. I doubt not but that it has found many readers among you ere now. The author's intention, I presume, is to describe in a parable her notions of the downfall of the Catholic Church, and, indeed, of the whole Christian scheme; and she places her hero in a monastery in Italy, where among the characters about him, and the events which occur, the particular tenets of Madame Dudevant's doctrine are not inaptly laid down. Innocent, faithful, tender-hearted, Spiridion finds himself, when he has pronounced his vows, an object of aversion and hatred to the godly men whose lives he so much respects, and whose love he would make any sacrifice to win. After enduring much, he flings himself at the feet of his confessor and begs for his sympathy and counsel; but the confessor spurns him away, and accuses him fiercely of some unknown and terrible crime—bids him never return to the confessional until contrition has touched his heart, and the stains which sully his spirit are by sincere repentance washed away.

"Thus speaking (says Spiridion) Father Hegesippes tore away his robes which I was holding in my supplicating hands. In a sort of wildness I still grasped it tighter: he pushed me fiercely from him, and I fell with my face toward the ground. He quitted me, closing violently after him the door of the sacristy, in which this scene had passed. I was left alone in the darkness. Whether from the violence of my fall, or the excess of my grief, a vein had burst in my throat and a hemorrhage ensued. I had not the force to rise, I felt my senses rapidly sinking, and presently I lay stretched on the pavement, unconscious, and bathed in my blood."

[Now the wonderful part of the story begins.]

"I know not how much time I passed in this way. As I came to myself I felt an agreeable coolness. It seemed as if some harmonious air was playing round about me, stirring gently in my hair, and drying the drops of perspiration on my brow. It seemed to approach, and then again to withdraw, breathing now softly and sweetly in the distance, and now returning as if to give me strength and courage to rise.

"I would not, however, do so as yet; for I felt myself as I lay under the influence of a pleasure quite new to me—and listened in a kind of peaceful aberration to the gentle murmurs of this summer-wind as it breathed on me through the closed window-blinds above me. Then I fancied I heard a voice that spoke to me from the end of the sacristy: it whispered so low that I could not catch the words. I remained motionless and gave it my whole attention. At last I heard distinctly the following sentence: "*Spirit of Truth, raise up these victims of ignorance and imposture.*" Father Hegesippes, said in a weak voice, is that you who are returning to me? But no one answered. I lifted myself on my hands and knees; I listened again, but I heard nothing. I got up completely, and looked about me. I had fallen so near to the only door in this little room, that none after the departure of the confessor could have entered it without passing over me; besides, the door was shut, and only opened from the inside by a strong lock of the ancient shape. I touched it and assured myself that it was closed. I was seized with terror, and for some moments did not dare to move. Leaning against the door, I looked round, and endeavored to see into the gloom in which the angles of the room were enveloped. A pale light, which came from an upper window half closed, was to be seen trembling in the midst of the apartment. The wind beat the shutter to and fro, and enlarged a diminished space through which the light issued. The objects which were in this half-light, the praying-desk surmounted by its skull—a few books lying on the benches—a surplice hanging against the wall—seemed to move with the shadow of the foliage that the air agitated behind the window. When I thought I was alone, I felt ashamed of my former timidity; I made the sign of the cross, and was about to move forward in order to open the shutter altogether, but a deep sigh came from the praying-desk, and kept me nailed to my place. And yet I saw the desk distinctly enough to be sure that no person was near it. Then I had an idea which gave me courage. Some person, I thought, is behind the shutter, and has been saying his prayers outside without thinking of me. But who would be so bold as to express such wishes and utter such a prayer as I had just heard?

"Curiosity, the only passion and amusement permitted in a cloister, now entirely possessed me, and I advanced toward the window. But I had not made a step when a black shadow, as it seemed to me, detaching itself from the praying-desk, traversed the room, directing itself toward the window, and passed swiftly by me. The movement was so rapid that I had not time to avoid what seemed a body advancing toward me, and my fright was so great, that I thought I should faint a second time. But I felt nothing, and as if the shadow had passed through me, I saw it suddenly disappear to my left.

"I rushed to the window; I pushed back the blind with precipitation, and looked round the sacristy. I was there entirely alone. I looked into the garden: it was deserted, and the mid-day wind was wandering among the flowers. I took courage; I examined all the corners of the room; I looked behind the praying-desk, which was very large, and I shook all the sacerdotal vestments which were hanging on the walls—every thing was in its natural condition, and could give me no explanation of what had just occurred. The sight of all the blood I had lost, led me to fancy that my brain had probably been weakened by the hemorrhage, and that I had been a prey to some delusion. I retired to my cell, and remained shut up there until the next day."

I don't know whether the reader has been as much struck with the above mysterious scene as the writer has, but the fancy of it strikes me as very fine, and the natural *supernaturalness* is kept up in the best style. The shutter swaying to and fro, the fitful *light appearing* over the furniture of the room, and giving it an air of strange motion—the awful shadow which passed through the body of the timid young novice—are surely very finely painted. "I rushed to the shutter and flung it back—there was no one in the Sacristy—I looked into the garden, it was deserted, and the *mid-day wind was roaming among the flowers*." The dreariness is wonderfully described—only the poor pale boy looking eagerly out from the window of the Sacristy, and the hot mid-day wind walking in the solitary garden. How skilfully is each of these little strokes dashed in, and how well do all together combine to make a picture! But we must have a little more about Spiridion's wonderful visitant.

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"As I entered into the garden, I stepped a little on one side to make way for a person whom I saw before me. He was a young man of surprising beauty, and attired in a foreign costume. Although dressed in the large black robe which the superiors of our order wear, he had underneath a short jacket of fine cloth, fastened round the waist with a leathern belt, and a buckle of silver, after the manner of the old German students. Like them, he wore, instead of the sandals of our monks, short tight boots, and over the collar of his shirt, which fell on his shoulders, and was as white as snow, hung in rich golden curls the most beautiful hair I ever saw. He was tall, and his elegant posture seemed to reveal to me that he was in the habit of commanding. Much with respect, and yet uncertain, I half saluted him. He did not return my salute, but he smiled on me with so benevolent an air, and at the same time his eyes, severe and blue, looked toward me with an expression of such compassionate tenderness, that his features have never since then passed away from my recollection. I stopped, hoping he would speak to me, and persuading myself from the majesty of his aspect that he had the power to protect me; but the monk who was walking behind me, and who did not seem to remark him in the least, forced him brutally to step aside from the walk, and pushed me so rudely as almost to cause me to fall. Not wishing to engage in a quarrel with this coarse monk, I moved away, but after having taken a few steps in the garden, I looked back, and saw the unknown still gazing on me with looks of the tenderest solicitude. The sun shone full upon him, and made his hair look radiant. He sighed, and lifted his fine eyes to heaven, as if to invoke its justice in my favor, and to call it to bear witness to my misery, he turned slowly toward the Sanctuary, entered into the choir, and was lost presently in the shade. I longed to return in spite of the monk, to follow the noble stranger, and to tell him my afflictions—but who was he that I imagined he would listen to them, and cause them to cease? I felt even while his softness drew me toward him, that he still inspired me with a kind of fear—for I saw in his physiognomy as much austerity as sweetness."

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Who was he? My paper is just at an end, and we will have more about him in our next number. He was somebody very mysterious indeed, but our author has taken care, after the manner of her sex, to make a very pretty fellow of him, and to dress him in the most becoming costume possible. T. T.

TO A CHILD.

A rose-bud opening, pearled with morning dew,
Through the fresh foliage glancing light and free;
A gentle fountain, gushing joyously
O'er the green sward; a bright star in the blue
Of the still heavens; or beacon on the sea;
These have I thought thee, light of fanciful hours!
Fair promise of time's yet unmeasured space!
But by thy bloom more durable than the flower's;
Thine all that fountain's purity and grace
And may no blight fall on their hopes who trace
Their features, fortunes, happiness in thine,
Be thou the starlight of their day's decline,
Waking unearthly dreams. Oh, may'st thou be
All I would fondly deem—all they will picture thee.

R. Howitt.

FIRST LOVE.

There are moments in the life of us all which are worth the rest of our existence; and perhaps, it is one of them when the pure and guileless heart first discovers that it loves and is beloved; at least, any one who saw Helen Stanhope, the heroine of our simple tale, would have thought so.

She was sitting where her first love letter had found her, re reading its contents, until every burning and passionate word was graven on her heart forever; the color mantling her fair cheek, and the light buoyant spirit smiling over her face, until one might have almost fancied it the countenance of an angel, so little trace could be discerned of the earthly care or sorrow. These deep and delightful feelings were interrupted by the entrance of her mother.

"Have you heard from our dear Lydia?" inquired Mrs. Stanhope.

Helen timidly gave the letter to her mother, and eagerly watched her countenance as she perused it. There was nothing in its fond and gratified expression to check the warm and glowing stream of her own thoughts, and flinging herself in her mother's arms, she hid her blushing face in her bosom.

"There is one thing, my dear Helen," said Mrs. Stanhope, when they had both become somewhat more composed, "there is one thing which gives me some little uneasiness;—not that I entertain a single doubt of the honor and disinterested affection of Sir Harry Lawton, but it is possible, from his having always met you here, moving in a style of elegance and affluence, he may be unconscious that your usual residence is a farm-house, and that you are portionless and lowly born."

Helen looked up with a momentary expression of doubt, but it passed away in an instant, and she smiled in youthful confidence and trust, and said,

"Mother, will you see Harry Lawton when he comes this evening, and tell him every thing? Then, if he repent of one single word here traced, it shall be to me as if it had never been written. But should he remain unchanged—"

She paused in confusion, and deep blushes mantled over her face and neck. Mrs. Stanhope read and understood every feeling of her guileless heart, and promised to do as she had wished.

It would be making Helen out more than a woman if I were to deny, that between then and the hour appointed for the baronet's visit, she never once feared as well as hoped for its result, and recalled his high spirit and lofty bearing with foreboding sadness. But then he loved her! and love to the young is an almighty and all prevailing power, which will ultimately surmount and subdue every obstacle in its path.

Presently she heard his knock—his step upon the stairs—and the tone of his voice reached her ears, it might be for the last time—the drawing room door closed—the crisis of her fate was come, and she sat down by her little work table and buried her face in her hands.

Scarcely a quarter of an hour elapsed before Mrs. Stanhope appeared, and one glance at her countenance was enough for Helen; her long restrained emotion gushed forth without control, and the tears she shed were those of joy and thankfulness.

"I know how foolish it is to cry when I am so happy," she said, raising her dark eyes, still glittering through their dewy fringe; "but I could not help it, my heart felt bursting." Mrs. Stanhope affectionately kissed her daughter's cheek, and led her to her impatient lover.

If there were moments when Sir Harry thought of his noble house, his proud aristocratic father, it was when far removed from the witchery of Helen's voice and smile. In her presence every thing was forgotten but her.

Mrs. Stanhope had come to town to receive a small legacy bequeathed to her by an aged relative, and that business at length concluded, she determined no longer to trespass on the hospitality of the kind friend, who had invited them to make her house their home during their stay. An early day was, therefore, fixed for their return to the farm, where she resided with an only brother; looking after his house, and supplying the place of a mother to the beautiful Lydia Dalton, his only child.

The change from their present way of living to the bustle of home would doubtless be felt by both mother and daughter; but it was not that Helen dreaded, it was the separation from her lover. With her mother's permission she promised to correspond with him, and it was agreed, that the following summer he should come down and claim his betrothed bride. Sir Harry accompanied them to the end of the first stage, and then quitting them with regret set off for the dwelling of his father, Lord Rivers, in Wales.

Mr. Dalton received his sister and niece with his usual kindness, and congratulated the latter on her conquest. Not so Lydia, she appeared sullen and reserved; visions of splendor had sprung up in her young mind, and the influence on her manners speedily became visible to Frank Egerton her old lover, who marked the alteration with anger and regret. From the moment of Helen's return a reserve and coolness took the place of the warm sisterly affection with which the cousins had hitherto regarded each other; and when two months had elapsed without bringing any tidings of Sir Harry, Lydia was never tired of taunting her cousin with the desertion of her noble lover, until Helen might have exclaimed in the words of an old and popular Scotch ballad—

"That I am forsaken, some spare not to tell:
I'm fashed wi' their scorning,
Baith evening and morning,
Their jeering gaes aft to my heart wi' a knell."

But she was too happy and too trusting not to bear all this with indifference, and her meek and gentle replies often went to the heart of her thoughtless cousin, who, but for a bitter spirit of envy, would have fallen on her neck and prayed to be forgiven.

The long and anxiously looked for epistle at length arrived, to gladden the heart of her to whom it was addressed. Its contents would be as interesting to the general reader as all love letters usually are, save to the parties concerned. Be it sufficient to know, that it contained "thoughts that breathe and words that burn,"—but it is quickly followed by another from the father of her lover, which consisted only of a few brief and chilling sentences.

"He had heard of the engagement, or rather say *entanglement*, of his son. Miss Stanhope must be aware that the alliance would be a most unequal one; and he relied on her honor and good feelings to break it off, and to return any letters which Sir Harry might in future send to her, unanswered and unopened." He concluded by assuring her that their union could only be consummated at the risk of his eternal malediction.

Long did the desolate girl sit with this letter in her hand, which had so rudely crushed every bright and fondly cherished hope. Mrs. Stanhope offered no consolation; she well knew that in the first burst of human misery, it was mockery. But she bent over and silently kissed the pale brow of the youthful sufferer, until roused by her caresses, poor Helen remembered that she had yet a mother, a fond anxious mother; and for the sake of that beloved parent, she strove to shake off the oppression which seemed weighing her spirit to the earth, and to reflect on what was proper to be done in this hour of painful trial.

She could not bear to part from Sir Harry, without one single word of explanation or adieu, and therefore enclosed a few lines to him, in a letter addressed to lord Rivers; in which she begged to assure his lordship, that his confidence had not been misplaced, and that, without his consent, Harry Lawton would never be more to her than a very dear friend. Her farewell was affectionate and womanly; a wish to spare his feelings caused the suppression of much of that tenderness, which her broken heart had longed to pour out before him; and passing over what she felt, in silence, she entreated him to forget her, and called on Heaven to shower down its choicest blessings on her who might be his future love.

Pure minded as Helen was, and unhackneyed in the world's ways, it never occurred to her to suspect that lord Rivers would suppress the note entrusted to his care. This was actually the case. His lordship was himself too much moved by the touching appeal of the devoted girl, to suffer it to pass into the hands of his son; Sir Harry remained in total ignorance of any correspondence having taken place between his father and betrothed. Her long silence, however, surprised him, and when he found every letter returned unopened, he soon ceased to humble his proud spirit before one who thus scorned and trifled with him. There was no mediating voice to whisper how often these precious epistles had been pressed to the lips and heart of her to whom they were addressed; and what bitter tears had been shed over them before she consigned them to her mother, to enclose and direct them to one, whose loved name must never be traced by her again.

The morning after Helen had received lord Rivers's letter, she unclosed her eyes with a vague and dreamy recollection of the occurrence. Again she slumbered on her pillow, and prayed to be permitted to slumber on a little longer in forgetfulness; but her hand resting on a locket she wore, all the vivid remembrances of lost happiness started up and weighed on her mind like lead. She groaned in anguish and bitterness of spirit, and as she raised her eyes to heaven, she, for the first time, became aware that some one was sitting beside her bed, and watching tenderly over her troubled repose. It was Lydia, her eyes swollen with crying, her countenance subdued by sorrow. She lifted the burning hand of the young sufferer to her lips, and wept over it; they were tears of penitence and regret.

"Forgive me! Oh! forgive me!" she sobbed out, "and let us love one another again, as we used to do."

Helen flung her arms around her cousin's neck, and laid her weary head upon her bosom; "I have at length regained a friend," she said, "and for the rest, thy will, oh God! not mine, be done. Teach me, I implore thee, to bear thy chastening meekly, and with a thankful spirit."

Long did the two girls pray to Him who alone can send an answer of peace, and the calmness she sought once more gleamed on Helen's brow, as she returned the fond kiss of her anxious mother, and affectionate smile of her warm hearted uncle.

From that moment the name of Sir Harry Lawton became an unknown sound, and his very remembrance gradually passed away from the minds of all save one, who secretly cherished it in her heart. She often longed to speak of him to her mother; to ask her if she thought he could have obeyed his father's mandate and forgotten her; but the words died away upon her lips unuttered, and she continued to suffer in uncomplaining silence. Lydia, cured of her momentary thirst for splendor, returned to her old habits. But her own recovered happiness did not render her unmindful of the total wreck of her cousin's and she was constantly forming little plans and parties of pleasure, to wean Helen from dwelling on the past, who was too grateful for her kindness, not to endeavor to look pleased and happy.

And she succeeded so well, that even her watchful mother was deceived. There is but one to whom the secret mysteries of the human heart are known and He regardeth its sorrows in love and in mercy.

The following summer brought an addition to their little parties in the person of a Mr. Ackhurst, who came down to L—— for his health, and rented the next house to that occupied by Mr. Dalton. Helen met him at first at the residence of a friend, and attracted by something in the demeanor of the feeble old man exerted herself to please and amuse him; and, in spite of his stern and reserved manners, she succeeded. She was glad to take his arm during their evening walks, in preference to making that unlucky number, a third, where two of the parties happen to be lovers.

And when his feeble steps could no longer keep pace with the buoyant activity of Frank and Lydia, she would rest with him on a rustic seat, until the lovers felt inclined to return. On one of these occasions, Helen gathered a profusion of flowers, and sat at his feet wreathing them into garlands, and listening to his words, and replying to his remarks with the affectionate attention of a child.

"By the bye," said Mr. Ackhurst, abruptly, "I heard from a dear young friend of mine yesterday—Sir Harry Lawton!"

The flowers dropped from the trembling hand of Helen, and looking eagerly up, she exclaimed in a wild and passionate tenderness, "Tell me—is he well? Is he happy?"

But sadder thoughts succeeded this burst of irrepressible emotion, and she bent down in silence to collect the scattered flowers, while her tears fell on them like rain.

"Did you know him then?" inquired the old man with a keen glance.

"Yes—he visited at the house where I was staying, while in London."

"He is about to be married!"

Helen wrung her hands, but no exclamation escaped her trembling lips.

"A report to the same effect reached me some time ago," continued Mr. Ackhurst, either unmindful or unconscious of the pain which he was inflicting; "But I believe that his father, lord Rivers, acted very ill in that affair; sacrificing two young and fond hearts at the altar of his accursed pride and ambition."

Helen trembled at the vehemence with which he spoke. "His lordship was not surely so much to blame," she said in a soothing tone. "He probably had higher and nobler views for his only son, which an alliance with an unknown and portionless girl would have frustrated or destroyed."

"Did she love him? did the girl love him?" said the old man.

"Dearer, far dearer than her own existence."

"Then woe to him, who on any pretence has sought to divide them."

"Still a father's ambition and pride, may be urged in behalf of lord Rivers," said Helen after a long and painful silence.

"Do you plead for him?" said the old man, parting away the bright curls from her forehead and gazing sadly and tenderly on her face.

"Oh! God! this is too much—I cannot bear it."

In striving to sooth the anguish which shook his feeble frame, Helen forgot for a while, her own cause of suffering; and this last, worst blow of all, Harry Lawton's inconstancy! Yet she had bade him forget her and be happy; vainly trusting in her own strength, and thinking that she should rejoice in such an event. The moment of bitter trial discovered to her, her weakness and her all-enduring love.

They had both somewhat recovered their composure when the lovers returned; but Lydia's clear ringing laugh smote painfully on the ear of her unhappy cousin.

"You have not been idle, I see," said Frank Egerton, pointing to the flowers, and lifting up a wreath of white roses, he placed it on the brow of Helen, and asked Lydia, if she did not look like a bride in it.

The allusion was too much for the almost broken-hearted girl, and uttering a low thrilling expression, she sank fainting at his feet—and in that state was borne home to her anxious and alarmed mother.

The following morning, at an early hour, Mr. Ackhurst called at the farm to inquire after the health of the invalid. His step was firmer than it had been for many weeks, and a self-satisfied smile played over his aged face! Helen was up and sitting at the open casement; but she still looked pale and sorrowful. The old gentleman took her burning hand, and pressing it affectionately bade her place her trust in Providence, and prophesied that many happy days were yet in store for her.

Helen shook her head with a sad smile, but yet she felt grateful to him for his kindness and attention. Some days afterward by the advice of her mother, who thought the air would do her good, Helen ventured out leaning on the arm of Mr. Ackhurst and Lydia. The quiet beauty of a summer's evening, shed its holy influence over her calmed spirits; and her affectionate cousin marked with pleasure the kindling of her hitherto pale cheeks. The sounds of an approaching vehicle were heard, and a travelling carriage covered with dust, dashed by them with great rapidity; in another instant it stopped abruptly, and a young man alighted and advanced toward them. One glance at his manly form was enough for Helen; she trembled violently, and clung convulsively to the arms of her companions for support.

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Sir Harry, as he approached near enough distinctly to recognise them. "My father and my Helen!"

His father! The whole truth burst suddenly on the mind of the bewildered girl as she heard these words: the whole blessed truth; and she felt that there were indeed happy days yet in store for her. The soothing voice of her lover did not serve to dispel the mists which were gathering over her mind. She felt like one in a dream. She was conscious that their hands were joined, and a father's blessing breathed upon them; then all was a blank until the tears and caresses of Lydia recalled her again to life—to a new existence of hope and joy.

Lord Rivers was not naturally a bad hearted man, although selfish and ambitious; and the anguish he saw his son daily enduring, while under the conviction that her he so passionately loved was false and unworthy of him, smote him to the heart. At first he trusted to the sophistry of those who assert that time, or change of scene, can eradicate a deeply rooted affection; but the wasting form of Sir Harry taught him the fallacy of such a trust; and at length he determined to see and judge of the beauties and virtues of her who had enthralled the mind of his son. The quiet and touching sorrow which so strongly marked her countenance and manner, and the affectionate confidence and attention which Helen bestowed on the destroyer of her peace soon subdued and softened every proud and aristocratic prejudice; and he at length wrote that letter to Sir Harry which had been the means of bringing him down to L——.

All this was explained in fewer words than I have taken to write it. And if Helen noticed that her lover looked paler and somewhat graver and older than when they last met, and he observed her fragile and delicate form, each remembered that it was love which had wrought the change.

There is but little more to tell, as I shall not attempt to describe or particularise their joyous and simple bridal, or the feelings of the beautiful bride, when Frank Egerton held up the wreath of faded roses before her, and reminded her of the prophecy. They were of mingled happiness and gratitude to that God who had wrought so mercifully for her, since then changing her mourning into joy. And Lord Rivers, in his declining years cheered by her smiles, or soothed by her affectionate tenderness, found no cause to wish that the wife of his son had been other than the gentle Helen.

From the New York Mirror.

THE KING OF THE WIND.

BY MISS ELIZABETH COOK.

He burst through the ice-pillar'd gates of the north,
And away on his hurricane-wings he rush'd forth—
He howled with delight in his strength and his speed—
He mock'd at the lion, and taunted the steed;
The arrow and eagle were laggard behind,
Alone in his flight sped the King of the Wind.

He swept o'er the earth—the tall battlements fell,
And he laugh'd as they crumbled with maniac yell;
The broad oak of the wood dared wrestle again,
Till wild in his fury he hurl'd it in twain;
No power could brave him, no fetter could bind—
Supreme in his sway, was the King of the Wind.

He career'd o'er the waters with death and dispair,
He wreck'd the proud ship, and his triumph was there!
The cheeks that had blench'd not at forman or blade,
At the sound of his breathing turn'd pale and afraid,
And he shriek'd in his glory, "Where where will you find,
One so great or so free as the King of the Wind?"

A Delightful Entertainment.—The tailor who is commissioned to clothe the troops of the Carlist Chief, the Count d'Espagne, not being able to find at Berga any women who would work for him, went and complained to the Count. The Count did not give him any answer, but immediately ordered the alcade to cause public notice to be given throughout the town that there would be a grand ball. On the day fixed all the women of Berga crowded to the ball room. All on a sudden the Count d'Espagne, who had caused the house to be invested, entered the ball-room, and having turned out all the men, ordered the women immediately to begin sewing the cloth which the tailor had brought. In five minutes the fair dancers were at work. For three days not one of them was permitted to leave, and the Count d'Espagne took care to give them the *rancho* (soldier allowance)—*Courier Français.*

THE ITALIAN PICTURE.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

It is the music of her native land,—
The airs she used to love in happier days;
The lute is struck by some young gentle hand,
To sooth her spirit with remembered lays.

But ah! her heart is wandering from the notes,
Her ear is filled with an imagined strain;
Vainly the softened music round her floats,
The echo it awakes is all of pain!

The echo it awakes is of a voice
Which never more her weary heart shall cheer,—
Fain would she banish it, but hath no choice,
Its vanished sound still haunts her shrinking ear—

Still haunts her with its tones of joy and love,
Its memory of bitterness and wrong,
Bidding her thoughts through various changes rove,—
Welcomes,—farewells,—and snatches of wild song.

Why bring her music? She had half forgot
How left, how lonely, how opprest she was;
Why, by these strains, recal her former lot,
The depth of all her sufferings, and its cause?

Know ye not what a spell there is in sound?
Know ye not that the melody of words
Is nothing to the power that wanders round,
Giving vague language to harmonious chords?

Know ye now how, afraid yet full of joy,
The breathless heart lies listening in its home,—
(Like a fair maiden who with welcome coy
Hears the quick footsteps of the loved one come.)

Waiting the notes on whose impassioned wings
Thought, soul, and sense are blindly borne away,
The sounds on which the spirit Heaven-ward springs,
Then trembling sinks to earth and dies away?

Oh! keep ye silence! *He* hath sung to her,
And from that hour,—(faint twilight, sweet and dim,
When the low breeze scarce made the branches stir,—)
Music hath been a memory of *him*!

Chords which the wandering fingers scarcely touch
When they would seek for some forgotten song,—
Stray notes which have no certain meaning,—such
As careless hands unthinkingly prolong,—

Come unto *her*, fraught with a vivid dream
Of love in all its wild and passionate strength,—
Of sunsets glittering on the purple stream,
Of shadows deepening into twilight length,—

Of gentle sounds, when the warm world lay hushed
Beneath the soft breath of the evening air,—
Of hopes and fears, and expectations crushed
By one long certainty of dead despair!

Bear to the sick man's couch the fiery cup,
Pledged by wild feasters in their careless hours,
And bid his parched lips drink the poison up
As though its foam held cool refreshing powers,—

Lift some poor wounded wretch, whose writhing pain
Finds soothing only in at utter rest,
Forth in some rude-made litter, to regain
Strength for his limbs and vigor for his breast;—

But sooth ye not that proud forsaken heart
With strains whose sweetness maddens as they fall:
Untroubled let her feverish soul depart—
Not long shall memory's power its might enthrall:

Not long; though balmy be the summer's breath!
In the deep stillness of its golden light
A shadowy spirit sits, whose name is Death,
And turns what was all beauty into blight;

And see, before whose sad and dreaming eye
Visions of by gone days are sweeping on,
In her unfaded youth shall drooping die,
Shut from the glow of an Italian sun.

Then let the organ's solemn notes prolong
Their glory round the silence of her grave,
Then let the choral voices swell in song,
And echo through the chancel and the nave;

For then her heart shall ache not at the sound,
Then the faint fever of her life shall cease,
Silence, unbroken, calm, shall dwell around,
And the long restless shall be laid at peace.

August 14th, 1839.

From Bentley's Miscellany, for September.

Rambles among the Rivers.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

THE THAMES AND HIS TRIBUTARIES.

The Thames at Hampton Court.—The Rape of the Lock.—Magnificence of Wolsey.—The loves of Lord Surrey and the fair Geraldine.—Royal Inhabitants of Hampton Court.—A Cook's Philosophy.—The Picture Gallery.—The Maze.

The lover of poetry, as he sails from Kingston to Hampton Court, will not fail to remember, that upon these waters Pope has laid the scene of his beautiful "Rape of the Lock." It was here,

"While melting music stole along the sky,"

that Mrs. Arabella Fermor, the Belinda of the song, was rowed in her gilded barge, the loveliest of the lovely, with her fair nymphs and well-dressed youths around her, and the "adventurous Baron" Lord Petre, already planning the larceny which gave such offence to the fair one and her family, but which, adorned by the luxuriant fancy of the poet, was the means of giving such delight to all the world besides. Since that time, the Thames at Hampton has been a haunted spot, sacred to the sylphs and all the bright militia of the sky. For their invention Pope is entitled to greater credit than he has ever yet received; for, notwithstanding his own assertion, and the acquiescence of Johnson and other critics, who did not know German, he borrowed nothing but their names from the Rosicrucians, a fact of which any one will be convinced who will take the trouble to read the "*Chiave del Gabinetto del Cabaliere Borri*," or the philosophical romance, "The Count de Gabalis," by the Abbé de Villars.

The scenery upon both shores of the Thames is here truly beautiful. Cardinal Wolsey saw and became enamored of it, when it had nothing but its own natural charms to recommend it, and resolved to fix his permanent abode among scenes so lovely. While yet the manor of Hampton belonged to the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, Wolsey, whose attendance upon the King at Hanworth drew him frequently to the neighborhood, and who must have constantly passed it on his way to Esher, a palace which belonged to his bishoprick of Winchester, took a liking to the spot, and chose it as the future site of the finest place that had ever yet been erected in England. He took a lease of the manor, which extended at that time from Ditton to Walton, on the Surrey shore, and included Hampton, part of Hanworth, Teddington, and Hounslow Heath, in Middlesex, from the Prior of St. John, and begun his magnificent building in the year 1515. He had been upward of ten years employed upon it, when the vastness of the design began to excite the admiration and envy of all who beheld it. His enemies took occasion of the remarks that were universally made to stir up the jealousy of the King against his minister; and Henry asked him why he had built a palace so far surpassing any of those belonging to his sovereign. The Cardinal, prompt at an expedient, but ever princely, replied, that he was merely trying to construct a residence worthy to be given to a king of England. The wrath of the tyrant was appeased, and in exchange for the magnificent gift he gave Wolsey permission to reside in the royal manor and palace of Richmond. Wolsey, however, continued to reside occasionally in that part of the palace of Hampton Court which was already built; for Henry knew too well the fine taste of the Cardinal in architecture to permit any meaner hand to complete what he had begun. Although he thus lived in the palace as a mere tenant, he was in most respects as much its master as if it still remained his own. It was here he gave his magnificent festivals, and particularly that great one to the French ambassadors, of which so minute an account has been handed down to us by Cavendish, a gentleman of his household, and his biographer. The festival was given in the year 1528, after the conclusion of a solemn peace between England, France, and the Emperor of Germany. The ambassadors were successively entertained at Greenwich, London, Richmond, Hampton, and Windsor. The King entertained them at Greenwich,—the Lord Mayor in London,—the King again at his park in Richmond,—and Wolsey at Hampton Court. The reception they met with from Wolsey was by far the most magnificent. The account handed down to us by the minute and accurate historian, gives us a grand idea of the power and splendor of that proud churchman. The rich hangings of arras, the massive silver and gold plate, the regiments of tall yeomen in gay liveries that waited upon the guests,—the glare of the torches, the costliness and excellence of the wines, the savour of the meats, and the superabundance of every-thing, are all set forth very eloquently by honest old Stowe, who seems to have imagined that no feast ever given in the world before could have equalled the Cardinal's. After describing all these things in a style and language of most agreeable roughness and simplicity, he continues, "The trumpets were blowen to warn to supper; the officers discreetely conducted these noblemen from their chambers into the chamber where they should sup, and caused them there to sit downe; and that done, their service came uppe in such abundance, both costly and full of subtleties, and with such a *pleasant noise of instruments of music, that the Frenchmen* (as it seemed) *were rapte into a heavenly paradise*. The Cardinall was not yet come, but they were all merrie and pleasant. Before the second course, the Cardinall came in booted and spurred, all sodainely among them, and bade them 'Proface!' [much good may it do you!] at whose coming there was a great joye, with rising everie man from his place. The Cardinall caused them to sit still and keep their roomes; and, *being in his apparell as he rode*, called for a chaire and sat in the midst of the high table. Anone came up the second course, with so many dishes, subtleties, and devices, above a hundred in number, which were of so goodly proportion and costlie, that think I the Frenchmen never saw the like. The wonder was no less than it was worthie indeed. There were castles, with images the same as in Paul's church, for the quantity as well counterfeited as the painter should have painted it on a cloth or wall. There were beasts, birds, and personages, most lively made and counterfeited, some fighting with swords, some with guns and cross-bowes, some vaulting and leaping, some dancing with ladies, some on horses in complete harnesse, jousting with long and sharp speares, with many more devices. Among all other was a chess-board made of spiced plate, with men thereof the same; and for the good proportion, and because the Frenchmen be verie expert in that play, my Lord Cardinall gave the same to a gentleman of France, commanding there should be made a goodlie case for the preservation thereof in all haste, that he might convey the same into his countrey. Then took my lord a bowle of gold filled with ippocras, and putting off his cappe, said, 'I drink to the King my sovereign lord, and next unto the King your master,' and therewith drank a good draught. And when he had done, he desired the grand master to pledge him, cup and all, the which was well worth five hundred marks, and so caused all the lords to pledge these two royal princes. Then went the cups so merrily about, that many of the Frenchmen were fain to be led to their beds."

In less than two short years afterward, what a change came over the fortunes of the minister! To quote again the words of the same historian, Wolsey, being in disgrace, left London, and having no house of his own to go to, "rode straight to Esher, which is a house belonging to the bishoprick of Winchester, not far from Hampton Court, where my lord and his family continued for the space of three or four weekes without either beds, sheetes, table-clothes, or dishes to eate their meate in, or wherewith to buye anie. Howbeit there was good provision of victual, and of beer and wine; but my lord was compelled of necessitie to borrowe of Master Arundel, and of the Bishop of Carlisle, plate and dishes both to drinke and eate his meate in."

It was then when, to use his own words to his attached servants who thronged around him, "he had nothing left him but the bare clothes on his back," that he first began to be really convinced that

"He had touch'd the highest point of all his greatness,
And from the full meridian of his glory
Was hastening to his setting, and to fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
No man to see him more!"

Wolsey was again taken into favor, and again disgraced, and died before the palace was completed. Henry continued the work with great vigor, and was always much attached to the place. He took a sort of dislike to it after the death of his favorite wife, the Lady Jane Seymour, who expired within its walls two days after giving birth to King Edward the Sixth. With more grief than might have been expected from so mere an animal, he could not bear to look at the palace for several weeks, and retired to mourn his loss in private, clinging pertinaciously to the garments of sable, and refusing to be comforted. But the fit soon wore off; he found himself another wife, in the person of Anne of Cleves, "a great Flanders mare," as he called her; a compliment which she might have returned with as much elegance, and with more justice, by calling him a "great English hog." He never tired of her, for the good reason that he always hated her. She was allowed to reside at Hampton Court, until all the preparations were made for her divorce, when the King, according to Stowe, wishing to get rid of her, "caused her to remove to Richmond, persuading her it should be more for her health and pleasure, by reason of the cleare and open air there."

His next Queen, Catharine Howard, was for awhile judged worthy to appear at his festivals in Hampton Court; but, being any thing but a discreet woman, and her husband growing tired of her, she was divorced by the most summary of all divorces,—the executioner's knife. The new Queen, Catharine Parr, was married in a very short time afterward, with great pomp and rejoicings at Hampton Court. The ceremony was performed in July, 1543; and, from that period to the death of Henry, the palace was a constant scene of gaiety.

It was in one of these festivals that the poetic Earl of Surrey first became, or thought himself enamored of the fair Geraldine, whose name is almost as famous in connection with his, as that of Laura with the amorous Petrarch's. In his description and praise of his love he says,

"Foster'd she was with milk of Irish breast;
Her sire an earl—her dame of princes' blood.
From tender years in Britain doth she rest
With kynge's child, where tasteth costly food,
Hunsdon did first present her to mine eyes,
Bright is her hue, and Geraldine she hight:
Hampton me thought to wish her first for mine."

The story of the great love entertained by this agreeable poet and accomplished gentleman for the beautiful Geraldine has been much commented on, and forms a romantic episode in his unfortunate life. It would be much more romantic if it were true as tradition has handed it down to us. He is said to have written her name and some amorous verses upon a window at Hampton Court,—to have excited thereby the jealousy of the King,—and finally to have been brought to the scaffold from that, among many other causes. The name of the lady whom he has celebrated was for a long time unknown, until Horace Walpole proved that she was the Lady Elizabeth Fitzgerald, daughter of the Earl of Kildare, and one of the maids of honor of the Princess Mary. When Surrey first saw her, he was a married man, living affectionately with his wife, and the fair Geraldine was a mere child of thirteen years of age. Surrey himself was in his twenty-fourth year. There is no doubt that he was struck with her beauty, and that he has celebrated her in the tenderest amorous poetry. Whether he loved her is quite another question. It should be remembered that Surrey's great master in the art of poetry was Petrarch, whom he devoutly and enthusiastically studied; and that effectually to imitate him, it was necessary that he should have a lady-love, upon whose imaginary coldness or slights he might pour out the whole flow of his amorous versification.

There is not the slightest evidence to show that his attachment, if the name can be bestowed upon a mere conceit, ever went beyond this, or was any thing more than admiration, sedulously encouraged for the sake of rhyming. Cowley, who was never in love but once, and then had not resolution enough to tell his passion, thought himself bound, as a true poet, to pay some homage at the shrine, and published "The Mistress," a collection of amorous poems, addressed to an imaginary beauty. Something of the same kind was the much-talked-of love of Surrey for the young Geraldine. She was married in her fifteenth year to Sir Anthony Brown, but Surrey continued to rhyme, without offending either his own wife, or the lady's husband,—a circumstance which serves to show that the persons most concerned were fully aware of the real state of the case. The assertion that Henry VIII. took any jealousy or dislike to Surrey on account of it is quite unfounded. The noble poet first saw the Lady Geraldine in 1541. In the following year, so high was he in his sovereign's favor, that he was made a Knight of the Garter. On the invasion of France in 1544 by Henry, the vanguard of the army was commanded by the Duke of Norfolk, Surrey's father, while Surrey himself was appointed to the honorable post of Marshal of England.

During the progress of the war he was made commander of Guisnes, and afterward of Boulogne; in which latter post, in consequence of a panic terror among his men, he was defeated by the French. It was this circumstance, and not his pretended love for Geraldine, that first lessened the good opinion which his sovereign entertained of him. The real cause of his condemnation and death has not been very clearly ascertained; but it is quite absurd to suppose that Henry's jealousy of him in the matter of Geraldine had any thing whatever to do with it.

Edward VI. often resided at Hampton Court. The inhabitants of the neighborhood were much attached to him, being proud that their village was the birth-place of the King. When there was a rumor that the Protector, Somerset, entertained a design to seize his person, they armed, unsolicited, for his defence; a proof of their devotion, which Edward strove to repay by relieving them from the inconvenience and annoyance of the royal chase, which included a vast extent of country, and which had been formed in the latter years of his father's life, when he was old and fat, and unable to ride far in search of his sport. Mary and her husband, Philip, passed their honeymoon at Hampton Court, and afterward gave a grand entertainment to the Princess Elizabeth, the presumptive heiress to the crown. Elizabeth, on her accession, also resided occasionally at Hampton Court; and there is a tradition that Shakspeare made his very first appearance on any stage before her, in a little apartment of the palace set apart for theatrical representations.

In the reign of James, Hampton Court was the place of meeting of the celebrated conference on faith and discipline, between the divines of the Church of England and the Puritans, and in which the sign of the cross in baptism, the ring in marriage, the use of the surplice, and the bowing at the name of Jesus, were severally attacked by the one, and defended by the other party. James presided, to his own great delight, over their deliberations, and gave so much satisfaction to the Church of England, that he was declared by the Archbishop of Canterbury to be a man who delivered his judgment by the special assistance of the Spirit of God.

During the prevalence of a severe plague in London, Charles I. and his family took refuge in this palace, where it was though the air was more wholesome than in any other part of England. Fifteen years afterward he was driven here by a post of a different description, the riotous apprentices of the capitol. In the year 1647, this place became, for a third time, his temporary prison for a few months, prior to his unfortunate escape to the Isle of Wight; an event which associates this building with the most remarkable incident in British history.

After the execution of the King, Cromwell occasionally resided here. The Long Parliament had issued their orders for the sale of the house and grounds; but the order was stayed, and it was voted as a residence for the Lord Protector. Here, in 1657, his daughter, Mary, was married to the Lord Falconbridge; and here, also, in the year succeeding, his favorite daughter, Mrs. Claypole, expired, to the great grief of her sire.

At the Restoration, Hampton Court was given, as a reward to the great instrument of that event, Monk, Duke of Albemarle. He wisely accepted a sum of money instead of a palace, which he had not revenues sufficient to inhabit in becoming state, and the place once more reverted to the Crown. Charles II. and his brother, both occasionally visited Hampton, and resided in it for months at a time; but, it was not until the reign of William and Mary that the palace again acquired the importance which it had in some measure lost since the days of the eighth Henry.

William III. and his illustrious consort, were alike partial to this residence; and under their superintendence various alterations were made from the designs of Sir Christopher Wren. Three of the old courts built by Wolsey, were pulled down, the present state-rooms and staircases were erected, and the pleasure-gardens laid out in the Dutch style, with the long canal, to put his Majesty in mind of his native country. The canal is forty feet broad, and more than half a mile in length; and, were it not quite so straight as the Dutch taste imperatively commands, would be a very pleasing object in the view from the gardens. In this favorite residence, William, as is well known, met his death. He was riding from Kensington to Hampton Court; and when he had arrived in his own grounds, his horse stumbled, and the King was thrown to the ground with such violence as to fracture his collar-bone. Being of a weakened constitution, he died from the effects of the accident fifteen days afterward. The spot in the gardens is still shown where his horse stumbled.

Queen Anne spent much of her time in this palace, where, according to Pope, she sometimes took counsel, and sometimes tea. Pope himself was a frequent visitor to the gardens, where he used to amuse himself in walking about for hours at a time, sometimes alone, and sometimes in company with an agreeable maid of honor, Miss Lepel, afterward Lady Hervey.

George I. gave several grand entertainments here, and had plays performed for the amusement of his visitors. George II. had similar tastes; and, in the year 1718, caused Wolsey's grand hall to be fitted up as a theatre, for the performance of Shakspeare's plays. Among others, it is recorded that "Henry VIII." showing the fall of Wolsey, was enacted by the express command of his Majesty. During the lifetime of this monarch he allowed his son, the Prince of Wales, and the father of George III. to reside occasionally at Hampton Court. George III. was more partial to Windsor; and, though he visited Hampton, never slept in it. It has never since been honored by the residence of the Kings of England. William IV. when Duke of Clarence, was appointed ranger of Bushy Park adjoining, in 1797, and steward of the honor; and the former office is still held by his widow, the Dowager Queen Adelaide, who has a pretty residence in the Park.

Thanks to the liberality and kind feeling of the Government, the palace, with its pictorial treasure, is open five days in the week, for the inspection of the public. Three pleasant hours were those which we passed in the state apartments, looking first at the portrait of one departed King or hero, and then at another; or viewing the resemblances of the fair and the witty, who captivated the heart, or pleased the vanity of the susceptible Charles, or at the more unfortunate Jane Shore, who enslaved the affections of a truer lover, King Edward IV.

At last we came away without seeing the one-fiftieth part of what was to be seen. One hour, at least, of that time we spent in the gallery built by Sir Christopher Wren, for the reception of the seven cartoons of Raphael; and, had not hunger and thirst, and all the necessities of the world and the flesh, interfered with us, and with our faculty of admiration, we might have remained there to this day.

As we walked leisurely through the various apartments, we noticed that of the royal beds,—which are still preserved there in the same state as when their occupants were alive—those of William III. Queen Anne, and George II. attracted much more attention from many people than the pictures. One couple especially we noticed, apparently servant-girls, who stopped before each bed for several minutes. They took no notice whatever of the pictures; and we were curious to hear what remarks they made. We kept as close to them as possible, for that purpose; and when they stopped opposite the state-bed of Queen Anne, we listened to their conversation, and heard a piece of very common, but very true and valuable philosophy, which we certainly did not expect.

"Oh! a very fine bed, to be sure!" said one; "and must have cost a thousand guineas, all complete."

"I shouldn't wonder," replied the other; "but, Lord! what does it matter? A hundred years hence, and you and I will sleep in as good a bed as Queen Anne. Queens and poor cooks all sleep in the grave at last."

If there is one thing more than another which we hate as impertinent and ungentlemanly, it is to turn round after passing a woman, and look her in the face; but we could not repress our curiosity to have a glance at the face of this one. We expected to find some pensive pretty countenance, cheeks pale with thought, and a bright intelligent eye; but we were disappointed. The speaker was a vulgar little woman, with a snub-nose almost hidden between a pair of such fat red cheeks as we have seldom seen, and her little grey eyes looked dull and sleepy. "'Tis a pity we looked," was our first thought; but we discouraged it with the reflection that beauty and philosophy were not necessarily companions, and that this ugly cook-maid was, perhaps, as kind as she was sensible.

Having lingered so long in the interior, we took a stroll into the gardens, that we might glance at all the curiosities of the place. Passing the tennis-court, the finest in England, we entered by a small gate into a place called the "Wilderness," laid out originally under the direction of King William III. to hide the somewhat unseemly and irregular brick walls at this side of the palace. This part of the gardens is arranged into the most natural wildness, and, during a hot summer's day is a delightful retreat, cool as water, and all alive with the music of a thousand birds.

While here, we could not, of course, refrain from visiting the famous *Maze*, also formed by King William III. We tried our skill to discover the secret of the labyrinth, and saw many boys and girls, and not a few children of larger growth, and of both sexes, busily engaged in the same attempt, shouting and laughing each at the failure of the other, and panting with the unusual exertion. We were not more successful than the rest, until we took the little guide-book usually sold in the palace, out of our pocket, when, after some little difficulty, we unravelled the mystery by the aid of the map and a pencil. It is full of "passages which lead to nothing," and a pleasant spot, we should think for frolic-

so we lovers, either just before, or in the first fortnight of the honeymoon. For our part we saw no fun in it, more especially as we were growing hungry, and had visions of roast-fowl and flasks of claret dancing before our eyes. We therefore took a hasty farewell of the Muse and the Palace, and proceeded to the Toy Inn, where our dinner awaited us.

THE SILK CULTURIST.

From the Journal of the American Silk Society.

The following correspondence is published for the public good. We have received so many letters of inquiry on the subject, that we have concluded to furnish our readers with our opinion at once. With us there is no doubt on the subject—that there is much doubt with people generally, our extensive correspondence fully proves.

STRIPPING OFF THE LEAVES OF MULTICAULIS.

Harrisburg, September 15, 1839.

G. B. Smith, Esq.

Dear Sir,—At the instance of several of my friends, who are, as well as myself, engaged in the rearing of multicaulis trees, I take the liberty of addressing you for the purpose of eliciting information on a question which we deem of some importance.

A *Mr.* —— has a large lot of morus multicaulis trees, growing in our neighborhood, and is now stripping them of all their foliage, excepting a few leaves on the extreme ends of the branches—his reason is, that "the buds will be liable to injury from frost, and that they will mature more readily and sooner, than if the leaves were permitted to remain on."

Mr. ——, also, has a large quantity of trees growing in a lot adjoining Mr. ——'s. On being questioned "why he did not strip his trees," his reply was, "that he followed that plan last year, but thought that it injured the buds."

Presuming on your long experience in the cultivation of the tree, I feel confident that you are fully capable of satisfying us by giving the desired information—whether in your opinion that by permitting the foliage to remain on the trees, subject to attacks from frosts, thereby causing the stem or "petiole" to become stiff and hard, consequently injurious, if not totally, destroying the bud? or if it would be better to strip the foliage off?

ANSWER.

Baltimore, September 17, 1839.

Dear Sir,—In answer to your letter of the 15th, I would remark, that I am opposed to stripping the leaves from the multicaulis in the fall. The leaves are as necessary to the protection of the buds and the ripening of the wood, as the roots are, and I should as soon think of digging under the tree and cutting off the roots, as of taking off the leaves. If the leaves are stripped off, the buds are almost certain to start to supply their places; especially if we have a warm spell of weather,—and thus the buds are very much injured for planting next season. The functions of the leaf are as necessary to the maturity of the bud as the tree itself, and without this aid, I do not believe they can become perfect. As to any injurious effect to be apprehended from the petiole (or stem of the leaf) "becoming hard from frost, and consequently injurious to, if not totally destroying the bud," a little reflection will show the fallacy of the supposition. The very first effectual frost will turn the leaves yellow, and before twelve o'clock of the day after such frost, every leaf will have fallen to the ground. No hard stem or petiole will be left. The bud will be perfect; and after the leaf falls of its own maturity, the buds never start till next year. But if you take them off, before they have performed their functions, the tree naturally tries to supply the deficiency by sending out new ones in their places, and thus the bud intended for next year's growth of wood, is made to form a leaf this year, and by this extra exertion the eye is more or less injured. Let it be borne in mind, that a tree cannot grow without leaves. They are the lungs of plants; through them the plant breathes, and by means of the oxygen they extract from the atmosphere, the plant is matured. The leaves are merely attached to the tree by a temporary fixture, and held to it so long only as it is of use. The moment the tree ceases to have use of it, it lets go its hold and falls to the ground. The circulating fluid, or the sap of the tree, returns to the roots, or at least ceases to flow, as soon as the tree is matured, or the cold weather puts a stop to vegetation; and as soon as this takes place, the leaves fall from the tree. The only reason one can give for stripping off the leaves prematurely, is that they, (the leaves,) keep up the circulation of sap by the force of suction, longer than is useful to the plant. This seems to me a most unnatural supposition; the leaves are not the cause, but the EFFECT of the circulation of the sap, as is proved by the fact that if you strip a multicaulis of all its leaves in summer, it immediately puts out new ones, which it could not do if the circulation of the sap was suspended.

But I do not depend upon mere theory, year before last I wished to preserve some leaves for use in spring, and in October I stripped a few trees for the purpose. Every bud immediately began to grow, and when the frost set in and stopt vegetation, the trees were covered with young leaves of the size of a dollar, and there was not a bud formed for the next season's growth.

Respectfully,

GIDEON B. SMITH.

MORE SILK SPECIMENS.

We received the following letter, with its enclosures, just in time for our present number, and think we cannot occupy a page more profitably than with its contents. The specimens of ribbon are first quality, as to material and figure, and equal, in all respects, to best imported goods. One piece is four inches wide, and the other three, the one crimson, the other light blue, both with sprig figures resembling embroidery. They are with our other specimens from Economy and Lancaster, open to the inspection of the public.

Ed. Jour. Am. Silk Soc.

Pittsburgh, September 15, 1839.

MR. GIDEON B. SMITH:

Sir,—Perhaps you will not take it amiss to receive a line from a constant reader of your Silk Journal, though not in any way directly connected with the silk cause, but indirectly as a free citizen, it behooves me and every free born American to speak, and as far as circumstances will permit, to encourage and speak well of any thing that has a probability to assist us, as a great enterprising people, in the promotion of a cause that will give bread to thousands of the young and aged of our community—and, as you observe, will, at a future time, rival the cotton growing of the south—for some time I was very dubious as to the result of the multicaulis growing, but on my return from Ohio, I took occasion to visit Economy—having often heard in Pittsburgh of the silk establishment there, I made some enquiries, when I was respectfully informed, and invited to go and see the establishment, which far exceeds what ever I imagined—there are two cocooneries—one, I think, ninety feet long, eighteen wide, two stories, and a fine stone cellar—the other, sixty-five feet long, and eighteen wide, two stories also, and I believe, they have fed about 800 000 worms—the silk weaving factory is equal to France and England, having engaged a machinist and designer, from London, to assist in the erection of a French ribbon loom, value about $1000, this machine surpasses all other machines for beauty and symmetry I ever saw, it speaks volumes in praise of the young man, as well as the enterprise of the society, there established. I would say to sceptics, go and visit this place, and then your doubts will be removed, as mine have been. I inclose for your satisfaction, two pieces I saw made; I made a little purchase of ribbon—and these pieces are just a sample for your inspection and encouragement in the cause. I staid there a little over one day, and it is a fine sight to walk round the town, and in every street see opposite the houses fine young Italian trees by hundreds—every street lined with them, of various ages—beside, some 60,000 multicaulis in various places near the town. They make three different sorts of velvet, the best is $5 per yard, what is called a three thread Dutch—you can sit on the pile and not cramp it—a rich figured lavender silk for ladies dresses—a black satin, such as is, I believe, never imported—a loom to weave black handkerchiefs, for cravats—and a velvet loom also; there is a splendid reel house, goes by steam power, with eight young women therein, all busy reeling; they told me they could reel from eight to sixteen ounces per day, depending, in a measure, on the quality of the cocoons; some differing, in a measure from others—but the white cocoons they told me made the best silk. I think it would be well, for a few persons, who travel, or are residents in any silk growing town, in the Union, to give you a line or two, *post paid*, setting forth the nature and quantity of silk, together with its exportation, or manufacture for home use, as an encouragement to others to proceed—why should we send 25,000,000 dollars to Europe, when it may, by exertion, be kept at home, and prosperity crown the enterprise, to the joy of hundreds of families? The ribbon loom weaves seven ribbons at one time, all of different patterns.

A. B.

From, sir, yours, most respectfully.

THE GAUNTLET—WHO TAKES IT UP?

Northampton, Mass. August 8, 1839.

J. BUEL, Esq.

Dear Sir,—You are aware that I am strong in the faith, that this country will ere long, not only supply her own wants in the article of raw silk, but have a large surplus for Europe. You are also aware, that I have given much attention to the subject; in fact, have devoted my whole time to it for the last nine years, and that I have plantations for making silk, and factories for working it, and that thousands are now engaged in the same pursuit. Well, sir, notwithstanding all this, we have daily accounts of persons, who assert the whole affair of silk culture is a "humbug." Almost every paper I take up, has something of the kind, intimating that all the excitement on the subject at present, is merely for the sale of trees, "speculation," &c. and advising all within their influence to have "nothing to do with it"—that we cannot raise silk in this country, and that it is preposterous to think of it. May I ask you, sir, to permit me the use of your columns to discuss the matter with any or all who make these assertions? My object is, to have the question settled beyond a doubt, and if any of the doubters will favor us with the grounds of their unbelief in our ability to raise silk, or that we shall not in ten years, supply our wants at least, from our soil, I pledge myself to examine the subject fully, and if I cannot answer them will confess that I have been deluded and have deluded others into the belief, that we can raise silk on all our farms, and to more profit than any other agricultural production, cotton not excepted. I will not assert that we can raise silk cheaper than France or Italy, in any part of our country from Maine to Mexico, of a quality equal to any in the world; and shall esteem it a favor to all who are engaged in the business—in fact to the country at large, if any of your numerous readers, will, in reply to this, state why we cannot do it, or if they cannot refute the above, then why we shall not seriously engage in the cultivation of raw silk, for exportation.

SAMUEL WHITMARSH.

EXTENSIVE SALE OF MORUS MULTICAULIS.

The great auction sale by Wm. H. Franklin, at Prince's Nurseries, at Flushing, and a lesser sale by Mr. Peck, of the same town, took place yesterday. The two steamboats which left the city at 9 and 10 o'clock, were thronged with passengers, and an immense concourse from the adjacent country also attended the sale.

The collation was served upon tables, erected on a verdant field, and the conviviality manifested on the occasion gave the scene all claims to a *fete champetre*. The Multicaulis trees, being of a superior quality, commanded what may, during the present pressure, be deemed fair prices. The large ones, from layers, sold from 20 to 37 cents, and the smallest from 18 to 25 cents. These trees were sold in entire fields, every tree to be counted, large and small. Some very fine trees, from roots, and finely branched, of which there were about 8000, sold as high as 38 to 55 cents. The Alpine and Elata trees sold at 17 to 25 cents. The total number sold exceeded 2,000,000 trees, and the aggregate amount somewhat exceeded $80,000.—*N. Y. Star.*

Silk Culture in the Sandwich Islands.—The ship Lausanne, now about sailing with Missionaries to the Sandwich Islands, takes out a large number of trees, of the morus multicaulis, for the purpose of forming plantations there.—*Evening Star.*

National Silk Convention.—A convention to promote the culture of silk in this country, is to be held at Washington, D. C. on the 10th of next December.

The Multicaulis Trade.—A Connecticut paper states that the following sales of Morus Multicaulis trees have been made within the last two weeks, viz: 20,000 in East Hartford, at 30 cents a tree; 50,000 in Wethersfield at 30 cents; 13,000 in Glastenbury, at 40 cents; 5000 in Berlin, at 37 cents; and a gentleman in Farmington has paid 45 cents a tree for a lot, of about 10,000; making the expenditure in this trade for but a few weeks, of $31,000. In addition to the above, we learn that 300,000 trees have been sold this season in the vicinity of Hartford, Conn. Of these 70,000 were for this State, 50,000 for Michigan, 20,000 for New Jersey, 50,000 for Massachusetts, and 10,000 for New York.

Atkinson's Evening Post and Philadelphia Saturday News

UNDER THE EDITORIAL CHARGE OF
GEORGE R. GRAHAM.
Letters to be addressed to S. C. Atkinson, Publisher.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1839.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We feel assured that in these *pressing* times, it will afford pleasure to our subscribers to render us all the relief in their power. We have many thousand dollars outstanding in sums of from two to five dollars, which, though small in themselves, present a serious aggregate upon our books. It is a small matter for any one to remit the price of a year's subscription, though we shall feel much obliged to all who will do so. The year is about closing, and we wish to make an adjustment of our accounts, and though it will afford us much gratification to continue our very heavy list, we shall be forced to diminish it, and to deprive some of them of their papers if they do not observe some promptitude in the settlement of their accounts. It is an unpleasant matter to be eternally dunning, and we hope that this hint will be acted upon by all who are in arrears. 3t

THE ARTICLE ON THE SUSPENSION.

The able article which we publish to-day on the subject of the suspension, is said to be from the pen of Mr. Biddle. It differs in some respects from the style of that distinguished financier, but is certainly an able paper, and enters with minuteness and clearness into the causes of all our difficulties. The article first appeared in the Herald and Sentinel of this city, and it has been extensively copied, not only by papers here but by those of N. York. We thought it due to our readers to publish the article, as furnishing a more lucid explanation, than any thing that could be laid before them.

NEW YORK BANKS.

It is supposed that the New York banks will suspend specie payments immediately after the departure of the Liverpool. The Wall street clique have been playing a desperate game, their intention is to depreciate the price of U. States Bank stock in England, and in the panic that must ensue among the holders of this stock in that country, to purchase through their agents all that can be bought. But we doubt much whether John Bull is the fool that these wiseacres take him to be. He will have a fair chance of seeing both sides of the story, and will be governed accordingly. It is shameful when presses of influence are prostituted to the base purpose of assisting to forward such unhallowed designs. Much of the stock is held by widows or in trust for them, and there can be no doubt that to some extent the fears of this class will be operated upon successfully. This is gambling of the very worst species, and we doubt not, that it will meet with the unmeasured condemnation of the American public. The windy boasting of the New York papers over the stability and permanency of their banking institutions, when contrasted with those of Philadelphia, reminds us of the fable of the frog and the ox. Their *swelling* pretentions will be ended by a sudden explosion, and "necessity," that stern law, will operate as a check to their enormous payments. We shall not be at all surprised if we are obliged to notify our readers of their suspension in our next paper. We understand that the method already adopted to keep up appearances is to pay about one third of the amount of specie demanded at their counter, and to plead a desire to accommodate all, as a reason for the non-performance of their boasted promises. Now this is laying it on a little too thick, and people must be blind who do not see that it is merely the shadow of coming events.

PRESIDENT VAN BUREN arrived at Baltimore on Tuesday afternoon, and took lodgings at Barnum's City Hotel, where he received the visits of his friends. In the evening there was a procession, in honor of the recent victory obtained by the administration party in Maryland.

SHINPLASTERS.—The first branch of the city Council of Baltimore, on Tuesday afternoon, decided in favor of the issue of certificates to the amount of $400,000. No certificate to be of a less sum than fifty cents. The other branch of Council decided against the measure.

THE BOSTON BANKS.—The following is from a Boston paper of Monday.

"Should specie payments be sustained in New York and Boston, by severe drafts of the precious metals, an equivalent would be realized by the increased relative value of our bills. Meantime, after a few days, specie would flow into our banks again, as plentifully as it would at first be withdrawn. On the whole, we have every inducement to keep up specie payments, and thus far, our city remains tranquil.

THE WOOL GROWERS' BANK, of New York, stopped payment on its bills on Tuesday. The Journal of Commerce says it is one of the free banks, and supposes that it has not more than $5000 in circulation.

LITERARY.

"*The Canons of Good Breeding,*" *by the author of "The Laws of Etiquette."*—Philadelphia.—LEA & BLANCHARD.

This volume is properly issued in a very unpretending dress, as it will hardly set the river on fire these *frosty* times. It is one thing to be an author, and another to be a gleaner in other men's fields; the last is perhaps easier to men of scanty intellectual endowments, but no man of genius or honor will resort to the pitiful deception. The maxims of this work are stale and antiquated and are dished up without much labor or seasoning at the hands of the cook. They are by no means applicable to this meridian. In fine, this little volume is, in the emphatic language of the Turk, "all bosh—nothing."

"*The Literary Souvenir for 1840, edited by W. E. Burton,* Philadelphia,—CAREY & HART.

This beautiful annual has already made its appearance in a style of magnificence which reflects much credit upon the publishers. It contains thirteen exquisite engravings, and is bound in a manner so neat, yet rich, that the most fastidious can find nothing to object to. The literary parts are principally from the pens of the editor, and Charles West Thomson. Mr. Burton is an able writer, and he has redeemed the literary character of one annual at least.

The Alexandria Gazette says:—The new buildings in Washington will be splendid edifices, and will add very much to the appearance of the Metropolis. The Treasury Office, the Patent Office, and the Post Office, (the last to be built of white marble,) will arrest the eye of the stranger when he enters Washington. The old buildings now occupied by the State, War, and Navy Departments, must come down next, and be replaced by other structures.

The Santa Fe Traders.—The St. Louis Republican of the 5th instant, has the following:—

We yesterday noticed the arrival of the annual caravan of the Santa Fe traders. We have since understood that the party has about twenty wagons, and they bring between one hundred and fifty and two thousand dollars in specie. A party lately sent out by Mr. Childs, of Jackson county for wool, were attacked somewhere in the mountains, by a party of Indians, and robbed of their money, about $100, and the greater part of their baggage.

LOOK OUT, ALDERMEN AND MAGISTRATES!—In the Court of Criminal Sessions on Saturday morning last, Attorney General Barton publicly expressed his determination, to send bills to the Grand Jury against all magistrates who neglect to send in their returns in a definite manner, and so as to enable the court to proceed regularly with its business.

RECEPTION OF THE PRESIDENT.

The President of the United States paid the long expected visit, on Monday last, and his reception was in every respect, doubtless highly gratifying. He was met, together with his suite, at Bristol, by the Committee appointed for that purpose, and was received at the landing by a national salute of twenty-six guns. A splendid arch composed of rare dahlias had been erected previous to his arrival, through which he passed on landing amid the shouts of thousands of the sight loving portion of our population. A handsome barouch, drawn by four fine horses, containing the President, Gov. Porter, who had arrived a few days previously in the city, and John K. Kane, Esq. the recent candidate for the Mayoralty, preceded the military. The van was led by some thousands of citizens on horseback, followed by others in carriages and vehicles of all sorts.

The carriage of the President was in the centre of the procession, and was followed by a large body of military of the city and adjoining counties.

The streets were lined with citizens who greeted the President as he proceeded, and flowers and bouquets were thrown upon the carriage by the fair in some places as he passed.

The procession commenced their march about twelve o'clock, and accomplished the tour (from six to eight miles) by four P. M. at which time he landed at his quarters, at Sanderson's. The crowd here—from Arch to Market—was impenetrable, before which, after a loud call, both the President and the Governor presented themselves, bowed their compliments, and retired.

In the afternoon, the members of the Select and Common Council, together with the Mayor of the city, visited the President.

On arriving at Sanderson's Hotel, Mr. John K. Kane introduced the Mayor to the President. The Mayor then introduced the Recorder and the Presidents of Councils, and the latter then introduced the member of their respective chambers.

The President visited several places of public amusement in the evening, and left the city early on Tuesday morning.

RIGHT AND PROPER.

Messrs. Barton and Brooke, the prosecuting Attorneys, for the city and county of Philadelphia, have notified the banks of the city and county, that from and after the date of the notification, they will in compliance with the instructions of the Attorney General, prosecute all banks which shall issue checks or notes under the denomination of five dollars, in violation of the Act of Assembly. Let the laws be maintained while they are laws, if improper let them be repealed.

We believe that there may be enough of small coin, dimes, half dimes and quarter dollars forced into circulation, by the united action of the Government, and the banks to answer all the purposes of trade. Such coin is not in demand among brokers, and would naturally find its way into the legitimate channels of trade.

AMUSEMENTS.

This evening Mr. Quayle, Mr. Watson, Mons. and Mad. Canderbeck will give a concert at the Philadelphia Museum. On Monday evening Mrs. Watson will give a concert at the same place, and on Tuesday evening a grand concert by the pupils of the Pennsylvania Institute for the instruction of the blind will take place.

Mons. Adrien, the celebrated magician, gives his exhibitions at the Masonic Hall.

Mr. Nichols, the editor of the Buffalonian, some time since imprisoned for publishing a libel upon a citizen of that place, received a benefit from one of the theatres of that place a few nights since, which placed the sum of one thousand and twenty-two dollars at his disposal. A pretty fair expression of public sentiment.

THE NEXT LEGISLATURE.—The Democrats will have a majority in both branches of the Legislature of Pennsylvania, which will secure the election of a Democrat to the United States Senate. The Senate will consist of 18 Democrats, and 15 Whigs. The House will consist of about sixty-eight Democrats and thirty-two Whigs.

The "EVENING SIGNAL," is the title of a new penny paper, just started in the city of New York. It is under the control of Messrs Benjamin & Griswold, and promises to be conducted with unusual interest and spirit.

A SIGNAL.

The New York Signal says—"Should the resident agents of foreign houses in this city undertake to exhaust our gold and silver, for the purpose of exportation, it may possibly become expedient, and in accordance with the interests of our citizens, to suspend specie payments."

It is supposed a million of specie will go out in the Liverpool steamer from New York this day. More than $100,000 went out in the Havre and Liverpool packets this week. As "New York humbugs but is never humbugged," to use a N. Y. phrase, it is necessary to boast every day that their banks are "*impregnable,*" [a fact], but so soon as the Liverpool is off, it is not disguised, they will stop immediately and submit to "the *dire* necessity caused by the Philadelphia banks."

SUSPENSION OF SPECIE PAYMENTS.

This step on the part of the Banks of Philadelphia, calls for a full exposition of the causes which have rendered that step necessary.

These causes and their operation will be treated in a national point of view, shortly, and without special reference to either of the political parties into which the nation is divided. To this end it will be necessary to take a retrospective glance.

The peace of 1815 found the country involved in a national debt of about one hundred and twenty millions of dollars, some of it held abroad, but by far the greater portion at home. This was regarded as a burthen, and the policy of the government was strenuously directed to its extinguishment. To accomplish this object, a surplus revenue, derived wholly from the fruits of foreign commerce and the proceeds of the public lands, was the sole reliance, Credit, which has contributed so largely to the advancement of the prosperity of the country, was greatly extended, the Banking Institutions fostered, and the whole policy of the General Government seemed directed to the expansion of commerce and the increase of the tribute which it should pour into her coffers.

The first day of the year 1835 exhibited to the world the unparalleled spectacle of a nation free from debt. That proud distinction belonged to these United States. The heavy obligation which had been incurred by the prosecution of two successful wars had been extinguished, chiefly through the instrumentality of the credit and commerce of the country, enriching both the nation and individuals. Such an epoch was well calculated to ensure jubilee to be held on the occasion, as it did, at the Metropolis, by the dignitaries of the government.

With the extinguishment of the public debt a new era was opened, but the accumulation of revenue beyond the wants of the government did not cease nor diminish with the diminution of those wants. The stimulus that had been so abundantly administered, caused the revenue to continue to increase in an extraordinary ratio, when it was no longer called for, and could not be legitimately used. Under the encouragement which had thus been given for the purpose of raising revenue from sales of the public domain and from imports, the amount derived from the former was increased between 1834 and 1836, from $4,099,981 to [illegible], and the amount of foreign imports from $126,521,332, to $189,980,035, and the surplus revenue accruing therefrom in the short space of two years amounted to but little less than forty millions of dollars. That surplus, Congress, with the sanction of the Executive, directed to be distributed among the States.

In July, 1836, measures were commenced by the head of the Treasury Department, to carry the law into execution. Of the manner in which this was done, or of the skill or judgment exercised on the occasion, it is deemed unnecessary here to offer an opinion, but with the beginning of the execution of that law, the previously seeming prosperity that had existed, received a severe and sudden check, and difficulties and embarrassments both to the government and people rapidly succeeded.

The monetary affairs of the whole country were convulsed—millions upon millions of coin were *in transitu* in every direction, and consequently withdrawn from useful employment. Specie was going up and down the same river, and from end to the South and North, and the East and West at the same time: millions were withdrawn from their usual and natural channels, and forced against the current of trade in literal fulfilment of distribution law, to points where public money had previously never been either collected or expended, except to a very limited extent. The consequences were obvious and inevitable. The duties which were imposed on the Banks, acting as agents of the government at that time, become so onerous that many of them were obliged, in the space of a little more than three months, to appeal to the Treasury Department for indulgence in the fulfilment of the requisitions imposed upon them. The fidelity with which the Banks performed the duties enjoined upon them on that occasion, under the most trying circumstances, and the transfer of nearly sixty millions of dollars of public money, in the period of a little more than six months, elicited from the chief magistrate of the Union, in his annual message of December, 1836, the award of the highest encomiums.

It was not these difficulties alone which had befallen the country, and against which the banks had to contend. The impulse which had been given to enterprize, and which had produced a spirit of improvident speculation, had led to an excess of foreign imports beyond our exports in the year 1835, of $21,-202,165, and in 1836, of $61,316,995, making an aggregate of excess of imports over the exports in two years of $89,319,160. This created a direct demand on the metallic medium of the country, and a draft on the vaults of the banks. In their operation these difficulties became so oppressive on the country, its business, and the banks, that the latter sought to give relief by a suspension of specie payments in May, 1837, which was nearly simultaneous throughout the Union, without any preconcert of action whatever.

We now pass over the interregnum between the suspension and resumption of specie payments, which took place generally, in August, 1838. That period, it is well known, most of the Banks in Philadelphia believed at the time to be too early to undertake a successful resumption with benefit to the country. Events have confirmed the justice of that view. But public opinion seemed strongly in favor of the measure, and the Banks acquiesced in it, though but ill prepared, and indebted in large balances to other places which had accumulated during the period of suspension, and were subject to be called for on the instant, and were so called for to a large amount on the very day of resumption in specie.

Intimately connected with the subject which has called for this exposition, are others, the most prominent of which is the system of creating state debts to a vast extent, for the purpose of prosecuting public works. Nearly simultaneously with the great increase and accumulation of the public revenue, there arose an extensive spirit for internal improvements. This was the signal for the creation of debts by many of the states of the Union, in the adoption of the measures for which party divisions were forgotten, and all united in their advocacy. In addition, stocks to a large amount were created by several of the states to provide capital for banking purposes. The stocks thus brought into existence found, for a time, a ready sale abroad, as an investment by foreign capitalists. This seemed to encourage the spirit of enterprise and to augment the number of projects calling for capital to carry them out. To the encouragement thus given to the states to persevere in this policy the General Government has been a contributor, as well as foreigners and our own citizens, by the investment of several millions of dollars of trust funds held for the aborigines; in the stocks most recently issued by some of the newest and least populous of the states. The policy of these extensive engagements and undertakings, it is not now our province to question or to defend. That must be tested by the productiveness of the improvements, or the burthens which they may impose upon the states.—One thing, however, is certain, that mainly through their instrumentality the country has exchanged a national debt at home, requiring five or six millions of dollars annually to pay the interest on it, to state debts, requiring from ten to twelve millions of dollars annually, to meet the interest accruing on the portion held abroad.

Nor is this all. The temptation held out by the high wages allowed on the numerous public works in progress at the same time, induced the day laborer to quit the field of agriculture for more profitable employment. And what has been the consequence? The production at home of nearly all the necessaries of life has been deficient; the prices enhanced exorbitantly, and instead of being exporters of provisions, as formerly, we have been importers of them to a large extent. The Custom House books will furnish the evidence of our having been the importers, for our own consumption, of wheat, rye, corn, oats, barley, potatoes, and many other articles, the produce of foreign laborers and their fields, during nearly the whole of the two last years. The connection which this has with the subject we are considering will be manifest when the fact is stated, that all those articles purchased from foreign farmers have been paid for in the specie of the country only.

The present year has been an eventful one, and the signs of the times are not without their forebodings of additional evils to swell the catalogue of those which have already occurred.

England, the centre of the commercial world, has experienced, and is now laboring under a great revulsion in her monetary affairs. The specie in the vaults of her National Bank has, since the first of the year, sunk from £10,000,000, to £3,000,000, or thereabouts, the reduction in amount being, as has been stated by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, about the value of the bread stuffs which that country has been obliged to procure from the continent to supply the deficiency in the English crop of the last year. The value of money has increased there from its usual rate (about three per cent) to six per cent per annum, and prophecies have been sent from thence by every vessel for the last three months, and promulgated throughout this country, that the Bank of England was on the eve of suspending cash payments.

This state of things in England has reacted upon this country with irresistible force. The credit of our states has been completely paralized; they can no longer negotiate loans there; numerous public works have consequently been arrested in an unfinished state, and must remain unproductive, while the interest on the debt already contracted abroad must be paid.

Some of our monied institutions which in hours of difficulty had furnished the state with the means of discharging their obligations to the laborers on the public works, on the faith of reimbursing themselves from abroad, have found, from this sudden frustration, their active means unexpectedly diminished. Anxious to fulfil their legitimate functions, they had in some cases hypothecated the loan certificates of the States with the foreign capitalist, and applied the money received on them to facilitate the operations of our merchants and manufacturers when the present pressure commenced. But it has gone on increasing in both hemispheres, and instead of sales being effected of the stock hypothecated, the institutions have been called upon to refund the money borrowed, or to witness a degradation of credit which would be a greater misfortune than any imaginable sacrifice of property. Thus situated, no alternative remained but to coerce payment from their debtors at home, who were already in a state of extenuation, and whose ruin would but aggravate the existing evils.

But we cannot even here close the detail of ills, against which the country is now struggling and will be found to struggle, for some time to come. There remains to be added the vast quantity of foreign merchandise, which has been poured in upon us for a market, to swell the amount of our imports during the present year far beyond the proceeds of our exports. The amount of these imports has doubtless been much increased by the gradual reduction of our tariff, operating as a check upon the products of our home manufactories. The estimated proceeds of our exports will be also greatly diminished, by the decline in the price of our chief staple, cotton, in foreign markets.

The various disturbing causes above adverted to, have been operating upon the country, and gradually gaining intensity, for the last three or four months. Immense amounts of the precious metals have already been exported within that period; it is believed that the port of New York alone, has witnessed the departure of probably not less than ten millions of dollars, the fruits chiefly of her collections, for the sales of foreign goods, here and elsewhere. Every packet for Havre, has carried large quantities of our silver, to increase the continuous amount of useless millions piled up in the Bank of France: the packets of England departing every five days, all take their quota; and the great steamers, each with her millions, vie with each other in accelerating their speed, to replenish with our means, ere it be too late, the exhausted vaults of the Bank of England, an institution, which, notwithstanding its vast resources, backed by the credit of the Government, has had to seek temporary support to prevent or postpone her failure, from her great rival across the channel.

This export, enormous as it has been, we regard as but the beginning. Already has the demand become so great, either for export, or to replace in the Banks that which has been taken from them for export, that we see the specie leaving the remotest parts of the Union, by the waters of the Mississippi and various other routes, to vast sums, which no sooner reach our sea ports, than it is placed on ship board and transferred to a foreign land.

The position of Philadelphia at this crisis, is of peculiar importance, and must be specially considered in reference to the great question of a suspension of specie payments at the present time. Her Banks resumed in August 1838 as has already been shown, in obedience to public sentiment, but against their own judgment. It was as obvious then, as it is now, that from her local position, being the great distributer to the West and South, of the products of our Eastern manufactories, and of those from abroad, imported chiefly at New York, the Banks of this city could not pay specie for all the obligations incurred by our merchants here, unless they could receive it from their debtors. Accordingly great efforts were made to enable the Institutions of the South which were the most enfeebled, to resume with us nearly simultaneously. Cash was advanced and credits liberally furnished by some of our Banks, to accomplish this object.

In the reduced state of business at that period, those credits were readily made available, and the means thus furnished went into the coffers of the merchants, here and elsewhere, who had debts in the South and West for their liquidation. But the country had not had time to recuperate from the prostration of 1837. The obligations given for the means supplied by us cannot now be met after a short struggle the Institutions of several of the States sank again; the increase of business since the resumption, in the belief by our citizens that the difficulties had been surmounted, requires the means that had been advanced for the above patriotic object, while the debt of the South, which was postponed in 1838, requires a farther postponement.

At a season of such universal prostration it will be easily seen how this requirement operates upon this City and her Institutions. The grave question was could they, under all the general advantages which have been considered in a national point of view, and under those more special, arising from their local position, continue to pay the accumulating demands of the next three months in coin, by pursuing any course of policy which could be pointed out? We reply they could not, they might, it is true, have protracted the struggle for some time longer, and by a relentless course towards their debtors have ruined our traders, arrested the income from our public works, depopulated our factories of their industrious occupants with their families; but had all this been done, it would not have been sufficient to have averted the impending catastrophe, nor could any sacrifices which the banks had it in their power to make, have deferred it long. The community we are sure will bear witness that the banks have not shrunk from their duty in striving for months past to surmount these difficulties and preserve the only true currency, coin, at the risk of sacrificing all these invaluable interests.

Finding these efforts ineffectual, and satisfied that the list of preventives had been exhausted, the banks resorted to the only alternative, a temporary suspension of specie payments. This will give time to the people and institutions of various parts of the country to liquidate their claims on each other, and prevent for the time being, the foreigner from furnishing us with a larger supply of his fabrics, than can be paid for by the fruits of our current industry.

As Pennsylvania Institutions, deriving their existence from the State, and owing fealty to it, the Banks feel that that they have shown, on trying occasions, a readiness to sustain its credit and promote its welfare, by furnishing means when all other sources failed, for the prosecution of our internal improvements, and we think they may rely with confidence upon the liberality and protection of the people of this Commonwealth and their constituted authorities.

With a rigid adherence on the part of the Banks, to a determination not to avail themselves of the non redemption of their notes in specie, to engage in an undue expansion of their business, and issue of their paper, we believe that the currency may be preserved in a sound condition, and the business of the country may be transacted without any of those serious difficulties some may apprehend, until the day of resumption shall again arrive, when all interests shall be fully prepared for it.

NEW YORK BANKS.

The papers of New York still speak with confidence of the determination and ability of the Banks of that city to continue the payment of specie. We think they have greatly overrated their strength, but are not disposed to find fault with them on this score. We cannot, however, pass by in silence the opprobrious epithets which they so liberally bestow upon our banking institutions, some of which from the *Journal of Commerce*—a paper professing to take the lead in *piety, morality* and *virtue*—are too gross and indelicate to stain the pages of any paper, even of the vilest venal press. The course pursued by that paper and the *American*, and the infamous *clique* by which they are sustained, is marked with the blackest *ingratitude.*

It is well known that a leading house in Wall street, now one of the most bitter enemies of the United States Bank, and one whose *secret slanders* on the opposite side of the water, it is supposed, have caused the dishonor of her bills by Hottenguer & Co. was saved from utter insolvency by that institution in the year 1823. It is well known that when New York was overwhelmed with pecuniary distress by the great fire in 1836, and was upon the verge of commercial ruin, the Bank of the United States stepped forward and saved them. It is well known that in the spring of 1837, before the suspension of specie payments, the Bank of the United States supported the merchants of New York by giving them post notes and taking therefor their own paper, the greater part of which has not to this day been paid. It is well known that by the course pursued by the Bank of the United States after the suspension of specie payments—and by that only—New York was enabled to collect a great portion of the immense Southern and Western debt then due to her. Had the United States Bank not stepped forward and sustained the great staple of the South—had she not extended aid to the Southern and Western Banks—New York would have been the loser by several millions.

And now these treacherous vipers turn round and sting the hand that fed them. The measures which saved them from ruin are the measures which have forced our Banks into a suspension—and in the excess of their gratitude for the favors which have been showered upon them, they call us knaves and swindlers, and prate about their own honesty and virtue. Where was their honesty when they suspended specie payments in 1837?—and where will be their honesty when they are called upon to ship all the coin in their vaults to pay their foreign debt?—*Nous verrons.*—*Herald and Sentinel.*

NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA.

In whatever concerns Philadelphia, we have a direct interest, and hence feel called on to answer still further the gross attack of the Journal of Commerce upon the business and interests of Philadelphia; and we do this the rather that we cannot believe that the Journal of Commerce exudes such malignancy without some external excitement; and consistent with that supposition is the fact, (as we hear it) that the New York holders of notes and drafts on Philadelphia have given direction to demand of the payers, specie or notes of specie-paying banks; and in default of such payment, a *protest* is to be had and a suit entered forthwith. This is indeed carrying the war into Africa. Let us see how soon they will find their Marius among the ruins of his own creation. The banks of Philadelphia will not, we feel persuaded, undertake the collection of paper on any such terms; and as for the *suit*, however soon judgment may be obtained, special bail will ensure a long credit.

Now mark the spirit in which all this has been done. New York has for years been selling her merchandise to Philadelphia, and drawing from them profits and payments large and prompt, which merchants of few cities ever exceeded; and in a moment when peculiar circumstances have placed the Philadelphians in an unfortunate position, we have the balance, the weight, and the knife ready for the pound of flesh. The intention will be appreciated, while the evil will be avoided, and Philadelphians will derive from this state of things another argument in favor of doing their own importation, and keeping themselves free from those tangling alliances with a neighboring city which draws from them the means of business, and puts into the hands of rivals the means of becoming masters with the disposition of tyrants.

The Journal of Commerce, however, vents its spite principally upon the Bank of the United States, which the Journal declares is *broken*, because it suspends specie payments. Were the banks of New York broken when they suspended specie payment? Were they fraudulent institutions because they had accommodated the public until that *public* must be ruined or they must suspend? The Journal of Commerce knew its dependence too well at *that* time to utter such a slander.

Some of those in New York who wish to rise upon the ruins of the United States Bank and of Philadelphia generally, and who are too well acquainted with mercantile usages not to know that to create a rumor of insolvency is almost to insure the ultimate truth of that rumor—these persons have taken advantage of some slight unpopularity of the United States at *home*, to build up and strengthen a hostility abroad. But whence came the complaints in Philadelphia against the United States Bank? Whence but from the fact, that instead of using all her capital in Philadelphia, she sent large sums to New York to sustain that city under heavy calamity, and when notes for those sums became due, renewed, and renewed, until New York gathered strength from the United States Bank to lift the heel against Philadelphia.

The "cursed post notes" constitute the theme of malediction for the Journal of Commerce—and for whom were these "cursed post notes" first issued? For New York and New Yorkers. The proceedings of the banks with reference to individuals are secret, but we imagine that the veil, under some circumstances, may be raised; and should any one lift it, it might disclose the names of *individuals* and firms, large and small, in New York, recipients of the bounty and favor of the United States Bank to an amount and to an extent of time that would mortify some of the very men who now urge on the war against Philadelphia, and who urge that war *abroad* as well as at home. Had not the United States Bank been *too kind*, it is probable that she would not have received the active enmity of certain New Yorkers. She has nerved by her liberality the very arm that is lifted against her, and the vituperation which she is compelled to endure is of that unrelenting kind which the *favored* is very apt to pour out upon the favorer.

We repeat that our remarks apply only to those who are *seeking* war upon Philadelphia, and those who are declaring it. We know that the good sense of most of the people of New York goes not with such proceedings. The class of citizens by which New York ought to be represented, do not forget the troubles of 1837, and the hand that relieved them.—*U. S. Gazette.*

The following striking remarks are from Mr. D. A. Smith's letter published in the National Intelligencer of the 11th instant:

The banks, for a state of suspension, would have the example of the Government, which is in the practice of daily issuing paper money irredeemable in specie; and which system the Treasury Department has been compelled to resort to, by the same causes that will imperiously demand the adoption of the paper system by the banks. *These institutions would long since have suspended* but for the want of the moral firmness required on the part of those who conduct them, to *declare, by a public and manly appeal* to the nation, their utter inability to continue the present system of banking, upon the principal of cash payments, *without the aid of a national bank, protected by the strong arm of Government*, and the regulation of our trade by *appropriate duties* payable in such manner as to put a conservative limit upon our wants from abroad.

It has long since been held as a well established maxim, that no nation can remain in prosperity which shall depend upon foreign labor for articles of the first necessity; and its truth is established by the condition of these United States at the present crisis. We have now a population little short of *fifteen millions of souls, clothed almost exclusively in British manufactures, while England prohibits the importation of grain or breadstuffs from the United States.*

FOREIGN.

THE TOURNAMENT.

The Tournament at Eglingtoun castle, after all, ended brilliantly. The sun in the week succeeding the rains, came out bright, and the pageant was attended by about 10,000 spectators. About two o'clock the procession moved from the castle. The order of this part of the tournament was similar to that which took place on Wednesday. It was certainly a gorgeous and most splendid pageant. The great variety of armorial bearings on the surcoats of the knights and squires, the rich housings of the horses, and the costly trappings of the riders—the highly polished armor of the chevaliers, and the elegant costumes of the ladies, mingled in gay confusion, produced a spectacle exceedingly brilliant and pleasing. There were bands of archers, troops of Highlanders, and an almost endless succession of squires, men-at-arms, halberdiers, and other formidable personages in quaint yet not unpicturesque attire. The tournament commenced with the jousting of the knights, who challenged each other to the lists. The trumpets sounded the charge, and the heralds proclaimed the result. The jousting was followed by riding at the ring, and the quintain, and the *melee* closed the labors of the day. In the *melee*, eight knights in complete armor on horseback, fought with swords, and some heavy blows were exchanged.

Mr. Jerningham was slightly wounded in the wrist. In the previous sword fights on foot, Prince Louis Napoleon exhibited great skill. About four hundred sat down to the banquet.—Lord Eglintoun made a speech, hoping these pageants would be renewed. It was received with great applause. The Marquis of Waterford, it is said, will give the next.

The ball commenced shortly after 12 o'clock, and dancing was kept up with great spirit till daybreak: all the persons present appearing in their costumes, and mingling in the quadrilles, gallopades, &c. with an energy which proves the bracing effects of the sea-breezes of the western coast of Scotland upon the nerves and sinews of the most delicate.

The feasting and carousing throughout the castle was kept up till dawn. The tournament was to be continued.

THE COURT.

Queen Victoria is at Windsor. There may be found Lord Melbourne, and there is a great batch of the Coburgh family. The King and Queen of the Belgians arrived, as if by stealth, coming to the Castle without passing through London,—in fact, making a detour to avoid it. There is another uncle of the Queen's at the Castle, and some cousins. In fine, it is quite a family meeting, and the object of this Congress is presumed to be the settlement of the royal marriage.

It will be highly unpopular—because the Coburgs are disliked in England, and because the Protestants will object to Prince Albert, who is the only Protestant in his own family, and that since this marriage has been thought of. The law by which the Queen sits upon the throne, enacts that she shall *not* marry a Roman Catholic. It is said that she is very fond of Prince Albert, so it will be a match of inclination—a rare thing among Royalty.

THE LINEN TRADE OF IRELAND.

The Dublin Register of a late date says:

"Despite of all the disadvantages under which Ireland labors, the linen trade has of late years considerably increased, more particularly in the north of Ireland. Flax mills have been erected in various places where the convenience of water power offered facilities for working the machinery necessary to the preparation and spinning of flax, and factories have also been established for the manufacture of the yarn thus produced. Large quantities, too, of the yarn manufactured in these mills, have been exported to other countries, particularly to France, and thus a trade has been established which is of considerable advantage to the property of our northern fellow countrymen. The manufactures of Ireland are unfortunately so few, and those few are so far from exhibiting any symptoms of flourishing, that they should be fostered with the utmost care by all parties, by those portions of the country not immediately within the influence of their advantages, as well as by those who enjoy their benefits; for all should be interested in that which tends to promote the prosperity of our common country."

HARVEST.

The following, from the Liverpool Chronicle of September 21st, gives a gloomy picture of the harvest and prospect of the poor:

The Corn Law and the Weather.—Thanks to the working of these abominable laws, the people of this country are, in all probability, about to be subjected to new miseries in addition to those which they are already enduring. For the last twelve months, while wages have remained stationary, they have been compelled to buy their bread at almost a famine price. The great bulk, therefore, of the working classes has been able to exist, and nothing more. But we fear that they have only escaped famine to be the victims of plague and pestilence. The bad weather which had prevailed during this year's harvest, has had the effect of forcing up fair samples of grain to a price far above the reach of the poor, while the quantity of damaged corn brought into the market will keep down the averages so that no relief can be obtained from abroad. The consequence will be that the working classes will have to live upon the damaged and unwholesome food, which will be so abundant in the country until the harvest of 1840. Bread will be scarce, but fevers and sickness of every other kind will be in plenty. The poor will suffer, but landlords and doctors will flourish. From some districts such accounts of the health of the people already reach us. But then, we are told, "It is the weather." Meagre and poor diet, and bad food, the offspring of the starvation laws, have nothing at all to do with it. It is the weather—O! yes! It is the weather altogether. The rains had fallen in torrents from September 14th to the 17th all over England and Ireland, causing general destruction of the crops.

English Apples.—The home crop this season, is upon the general average favorable. It was believed, that in Kent and other counties, the growth of apples was much below the average crop, and it was feared it would be what is termed a blighting season. It now appears that in the vicinity of London the crop has not been surpassed for some years, and in Berkshire, Oxfordshire, Cambridgeshire, and other counties, there is a very good supply. Considerable quantities of the early apples have already appeared in the markets, and at low prices; and it is quite certain that the demand this year for the foreign apple will be very small, compared with last season.

Bursting of a Balloon.—On Monday afternoon, a great many persons assembled in the neighborhood of the City Road, to witness the extraordinary ascent of Mr. Gyson on a pony, in the Standard Balloon, as was announced to take place from the Standard Tea Gardens; but while the inflation was going on in the grounds in question, a heavy gust of wind burst it, instantly the gas escaped in one volume, and rendered the balloon useless.

Turkey.—Mehemet Ali is fortifying the whole line of coast down to Aboukir. He is determined to resist any attempts of the English and French fleets to cut the Turkish ships out of Alexandria. The British fleet was, by accounts from Constantinople to August 26th, still at the Dardanelles. Mehemet Ali persists in demanding more territory than the Sultan is willing to give. Revolts are reported in Asia Minor, in Albania, &c. But little hope is entertained by the Allied Powers that they can adjust matters with the Egyptian Pacha without a war.

We see by the English papers that General Morris's beautiful stanzas to the "Queen," are copied quite extensively, with introductory comments, by James Sheridan Knowles. The lines are admirably calculated to awaken a sympathetic thrill in the hearts of both English and Americans. A common language, a common ancestry, and common interests, must continue to strengthen the common good will that happily exists.

French Treaty with Texas.—The National states that the treaty of alliance and commerce between France and Texas is not yet signed, and that the delay is to be ascribed to the omission in the draught of the treaty of an article stipulating for the freedom of conscience in favor of the French residents in that republic.

Grog Shopping.—A bill has passed the British Parliament, forbidding the sale of spirits in Ireland, by grocers.

Fires in Europe.—A fire lately took place at Koningsburg, Prussia, which destroyed ten large warehouses, and property to the amount of £100,000.

Another occurred at Constantinople, destroying property the value of which is estimated at 120,000,000 of francs, or about £4,800,000. Some accounts say that 5000 houses are consumed.

CHINA.

The news from China shows that 20,280 chests of opium had been surrendered to the Government by the British merchants in Canton. Each chest containing about 150 pounds, this quantity amounts to 3,042,450 pounds, and as the average cost at Canton is about $5 for the pound, the whole sum invested by the British in this poison is about 15½ millions of dollars. Besides this, the Americans may have one-fourth of this quantity, which would make the whole British and American investment about 20 millions. But this is only the quantity found in store at *one time*, and therefore probably not more than two-thirds of the amount annually carried to China by the Americans and English. The N. York Journal of Commerce lately published a tabular statement, upon the authority of a letter from Canton, showing that the amount of opium which arrived between April, 1832, and March, 1833, was worth about $15,000,000, and that which arrived in the same months between 1837 and 1838, was only $10,000,000. But as the trade is secret, we know not how the amount could be easily ascertained, and take for granted that the quantity sold exceeds the quantity reported. Those concerned would not wish to magnify a trade which, only conducted through fraud upon a foreign nation, they must feel to be rather dishonorable. But the amount is merely conjectural, and the quantity seized by the Chinese Government affords data for calculating the amount, as ample as that afforded by a letter from an American resident at Canton, who would probably know little of the trade excepting the American portion of it, and would not probably be furnished by the English with their secrets in it, the Americans and English being rivals.

We may therefore conclude that the amount annually invested in this flagitious traffic exceeds $15,000,000, and is propably near to 30 millions. But as we know not, we wish not to be bound by numbers. If, then, it be only $15,000,000, or three millions of pounds sterling, the interruption of this trade must create a great demand for silver in the London market. If we remember correctly, the usual quantity of bullion in the Bank of England is about 2½ millions of pounds sterling, or about $12,000,000. Would it not feel the shock produced by a sudden demand for silver or other coin, caused by the annihilation of the opium trade? We are far from supposing that these Chinese difficulties are the sole or principal cause of the financial burden now pressing upon England, though without doubting their instrumentality in augmenting it. They have had some, and no trifling influence. But the difficulties of England react upon this country, and produce, at this moment, that suspension, which, with overtrading, will occur periodically, so long as we have a baseless, misconducted paper currency. The result then is, so rotten is our monetary system, and precarious are our commercial relations founded upon it, that the enforcement by the Chinese of their revenue laws, is sufficient to throw them all into confusion. Hence we are justified in saying that our banks are unsafe whenever the Chinese hang a smuggler of opium, and we ought to be ashamed of our condition.—*World.*

THE BANK OF ENGLAND AND THE BANK OF FRANCE.

We have had an opportunity, says the N. Y. Express, of perusing a letter from a Director in the Bank of France at Paris, to his friend in this city, received by the last packet. He states, "I have just finished an examination of the books of the bank, and I find that the specie on hand is two hundred and forty millions of France, while the obligations of the bank are two hundred and thirty millions. Money continues abundant, and interest low.

In dollars—the state in round numbers is thus:

Specie,	50,000,000
Obligations,	48,000,000
	2,000,000

CONDITION OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

Liabilities.	
Circulation,	17,960,000
Deposites,	7,782,000
	25,742,000
Resources.	
Assets,	25,963,000
Bullion,	2,819,000
£ stg.	28,825,000

Thus the Bank of France have fifty millions of dollars on hand, with only forty-eight millions of obligations. The Bank of England have short of thirteen millions of dollars on hand, while they have eighty millions of dollars in circulation, to say nothing of the deposits.

From the New York Courier and Enquirer.

FROM BUENOS AYRES AND MONTEVIDEO.

The ship Extio, Capt. Day, arrived on Saturday from Montevideo, in fifty-one days, reports that the French fleet in the River Plate, about forty-three sail in all, large and small, continued rigorously to enforce the blockade of Buenos Ayres. On the 17th August the French, with about thirty launches, attempted to land about nine hundred men, at a place called Lecossia, thirty miles from Buenos Ayres, and were repulsed with heavy loss, when they returned to the island of Martin Garcia. The object of this expedition, we presume, must have been to create a diversion in favor of the party now holding Montevideo.

A ship of about 450 tons, with painted ports, was laying alongside the French Admiral's ship, with the French flag hoisted over the American, and therefore supposed to have been captured. Capt. Day had not an opportunity, previous to his departure, to learn her name.

The forces raised under the auspices of Buenos Ayres, for the purpose of re-establishing the late government of Montevideo, 3000 strong, had crossed the Parana, and arrived within fifty miles of Montevideo, under command of the former Governor. The present Governor had marched out of the city to meet him, at the head of 1500 men.

No American ships of war were at Montevideo at the time of the departure of the Extio, and the American residents, both of Buenos Ayres and Montevideo, express their regret that Lieut. M'Kenzie had been recalled from that station, where he had sedulously upheld American interests.

In view of this state of things, it is impossible to refrain from asking how long we are to submit to this interdict on the trade between friendly nations, imposed by France, without assuming the formal character of a belligerent toward either? We much mistake if the day will not come, when the apathy of this Government, both as regards the blockade of the Mexican ports and those of Buenos Ayres, on the River Plate, will not be a matter of general regret. We expect to see Americans prohibited from trading to Brazil, because the Brazilians will not abolish the slave trade, and from Canton, because the Chinese have seized the British opium.

Peru.—Letters received by the New York Journal of Commerce state that the greater part of the 1800 troops captured by the Chilians in the defeat of Santa Cruz, (the would-be-Dictator,) were killed in cold blood after the surrender. Some of the officers were strangled in their bed. General Zentero was publicly scourged, and made to pay a fine of $110,000. His daughter, who was *enciente*, and present, expired at the sight of the barbarity inflicted on her father. A clergyman was also publicly whipped, &c. The amount of wealth plundered and sent to Chili is enormous, besides half a million in money.

From the New York Times.

THE SLAVER CATHARINE.

Frederick Adolphe Peterson, master of the schooner Catharine, of Baltimore, was brought up and examined on Friday, 11th inst. before Justice Kirtland, at the United States Marshal's office, on a warrant issued on the complaint of Robert H. Dundas, of Her Britannic Majesty's brig Dolphin.

The Catharine had been fitted out at Havana, cleared there, and the necessary papers obtained through the office of the American vice consulate. The cargo consisted of tobacco and spirits; her crew of six American seamen and of twenty-five Spaniards.

The following is a list of the persons sworn by Peterson to compose the crew—Eben Tucker, of Salem, Massachusetts, aged 35; Joseph Mache, of Portland, aged 21; Wm. Manning, of Baltimore, aged 30; James Williams, of New Orleans, aged 41; John Francis, of Italy, aged 42; Henry Elliot, of Malaga, aged 18.

The twenty-five Spaniards were shipped, doubtless, for active service on the coast of Africa.

The Catharine is said to be owned by Messrs. Thomas Wilson & Co. of Baltimore, a branch of a London house. The clearance and the necessary papers were obtained at Havana, by a person named Ting, who acted as their agent there.

The Dolphin fell in with her on the 13th of August off the coast of Africa, about 20 miles from the harbor of Quibo. She gave her chase and compelled her to bring to by firing several shots. The Dolphin boarded her, and found that although she was sailing under American colors she had the necessary planks for a slave deck, and all other equipments usually found on board a vessel engaged in the slave trade.

No slaves were found on board, however, but a negro boy, said to be the son of an African Prince, educated in Havana, whom they had shipped to be used on the coast of Africa.

Among other papers seized on board was the following letter of instructions.

"The main thing for you to do on the voyage is to be ready in case you are boarded by a man-of-war to show your log book, which must be regularly kept from the time you leave here—your ship's papers—your charter party for the voyage—your ship's roll and instructions, and you are in that event to make all concerned, with the American sailors, according to your roll—all the others are to be passengers. You are to be very careful that in any cross question you do not commit yourself. Always stick to the same story. When the vessel is discharged, you must at once cut your register in two pieces—one piece you must endorse direct and send to Messrs. Thomas Wilson & Co. Baltimore, the other piece you will bring with you and give to me when you return here. You must be very particular about that, and do not let any time pass after the cargo is out before you cut the register in two pieces, and be careful to keep them separate—throw one piece overboard if you are obliged to by being boarded by a man-of-war."

The accused was committed in default of bail in the sum of $3000.

Slave Trade.—The Havana Correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce, thus writes concerning the slave trade:—

"The Hound of Baltimore has sailed under the American flag for Africa. The nymph of [...] is fitting out. The Cutter Campbell is nearly ready—all go under the American flag and with American captains. The captain of the latter arrived here about one month since in the Morris Cooper, of Philadelphia, which I must say, landed 485 negroes on the coast of this island. He was formerly mate of the Morris Cooper; his protection says he is a native American citizen.

The brig Union, of New York, is also ready for sea for the above business.

So you see that our principal cities are going on in the good work, or at any rate, if overhauled by a British cruiser, carrying, as they do, the colors, name on the stern, and papers of course, the conclusion is that Yankees are interested."

The conclusion, we would add, is believed to be but too true.

FIRE AND ROBBERY AT ALTON.

We take the following from the St. Louis Republican of the 4th inst.

We learn, verbally, that a very destructive fire occurred in Alton night before last. The circumstances, as near as we have been able to gather them, are reported to be about these. The fire originated in the store of Mr. Buffum at the corner of Third and State streets, from which it extended to the adjoining building, consuming the store of Mr. Waples, and in all about twelve buildings, including the printing office of the Temperance Herald. Mr. Buffum had a large amount of goods on storage, estimated at about $10,000, which it is believed were stolen and the house set on fire. Shortly after the fire broke out a wagon was seen leaving the town loaded with goods. An officer from Alton arrived here yesterday evening, and communicated with the officers of this city. He succeeded in tracing the wagon to within a few miles of this city, when he lost all trace of it. If the goods in Mr. Buffum's store were not stolen they were destroyed by the fire. We have not heard an accurate statement of the loss done, but if the report be true, the loss must amount to several thousands.

From the New Orleans Bulletin, Oct. 3.

HEALTH OF THE CITY.

The reports from the different hospitals and burying-grounds during the last week show a considerable abatement in the prevailing epidemic. The small number of deaths that have occurred for several days past, justifies the opinion that the health of the city is slowly improving. The recent change in the weather may have contributed to this effect. The fact, however, should not encourage strangers to come as yet awhile. Although the fever is abating, it has not as yet entirely disappeared. We hear of new cases every day. In most instances they assume a mild type, and are easily managed. Occasionally, however, they exhibit a malignant form, and end fatally. Toward the close of a sickly season, when business is about to revive, a strong temptation is presented for absentees to return to the city before the epidemic has entirely subsided. They grow tired of their country retreats, and are impatient once more to mingle in the hurry and bustle of business. Under the influence of this feeling, frequently it occur that persons who have stayed away the whole summer, rashly venture into town while the pestilence still lingers, and fall victims to their imprudence. Much has been said of the folly of such conduct. Warning after warning is given, but notwithstanding the arrival of new comers is announced. Scarcely a season passes without many such instances of infatuation happening. The temptation to visit New Orleans is so strong that the fear of death is not sufficient to keep off visitors. The lamentable frequency of this rash exposure is a matter for deep regret, and has grown to so serious an evil as loudly calls for a remedy.

EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

PHILADELPHIA—PENNSYLVANIA.

Petite Lottery.—A man keeping a small shop at the North-east corner of Sixth and Lombard streets, was brought before Justice McLean, of Moyamensing, yesterday afternoon, on a charge, by a colored man, of selling policies of insurance in a lottery. He was bound over in the sum of $500 for a further hearing.

Motion to Discharge Dr. Dyott.—The following motion was made on Saturday last by Joseph R. Ingersoll, Esq. before the Judges of the Court of Criminal Sessions:

"A rule to show cause was entered why the indictment in this case should not be quashed and the defendant discharged from imprisonment." The rule was made returnable on the 26th inst. when it will be fully argued.

The Shows.—We are repeatedly enquired of as to the whereabouts of these little favorites of our city. We are at length able to answer through the information of a mutual friend, that they are now at Boston, doing a handsome business, as they have done throughout several of the Eastern States, and may be expected here about the 16th November. So highly popular were they at Newburyport, where they gave a few concerts, that they were sent for to return under the assurance of seven hundred dollars for six nights. Come when they may, we are assured they will meet a cordial welcome.

Born on a Railroad.—A lady gave birth to a son in one of the cars between Trenton and this city on Saturday last.

The Burnt District.—Laborers have commenced clearing away the ruins of the late fire in Water street, preparatory to the erection of new edifices. The store at the corner of Front and Chesnut streets has been newly roofed and repaired, and it is expected that the whole block will shortly be rebuilt.

The Governor.—His Excellency, David R. Porter, arrived in this city from the seat of Government, on Saturday last, attended by the Attorney General, Ovid F. Johnson, Esq. and several other gentlemen connected with the administration. He left the cars at Fairmount, and entered an open carriage drawn by four horses, which had been provided by his political friends; and in which he proceeded to Sanderson's Hotel. He left the city on Wednesday.

Accidents.—A child aged about five years, the daughter of James Fox, bricklayer, fell from the second story window of a house in Ninth street, near Filbert, on Monday, and was instantaneously killed.

Two boys were run over by two men riding on horseback at full gallop, on Monday, in Sixth street, above Market. The men were arrested by several citizens who witnessed the speed at which they were travelling, and took them before a magistrate, who bound them over to answer the charge. The boys were very much injured.—*North American.*

A Singular Case.—A man, named Alanson Theodore Herrick, has confessed before a magistrate of Easton that he is the murderer of Zellerbach, the pedlar, for whose death Kobler has been convicted and sentenced to be hung. He related particularly the manner in which he committed the deed, the mode in which he disposed of the goods, &c. and the place he has visited since, and said the awful convictions of his conscience had induced him to confess the deed.

The man is probably crazy, for at a subsequent examination he denied having any hand in the act. A physician who examined him reported that he could find no traces of insanity about him. He is still kept in confinement, and the Justice has sent to Harrisburg for the purpose of having the matter investigated. When told that Kobler had confessed the deed Herrick said, "that if Kobler was willing to die for him he would not confess, as there was no use of both dying.—*Ledger.*

Price of Farms in Pennsylvania.—A West Chester paper makes the following remarks: "We have heretofore noticed the sale of farms at good prices in this town, some of which were as high as $112 per acre, five miles from the River; and we understand that a friend of ours recently sold his farm of one hundred acres in Greenburgh, three miles from Dobbs Ferry landing, at one hundred and fifty dollars per acre.—This farm is in a good state of cultivation, but the buildings are no more than ordinary.

A Country Editor.—The Editor of the Venango Democrat has come to the noble determination to furnish the subscribers of his paper with no more food for the mind until they supply him with food for the body. Hear him.

"There will probably be no paper issued from this office next week. We are out of paper, out of money, out of credit, out of humor, out at the elbows, and our better half says she is out of flour, out of meat and out of patience. These things must all be remedied before we again issue a paper."

Melancholy.—There is a tremendous *pressure* in the agricultural districts of Pennsylvania. The *barns* groan under the loads they are forced to bear, and fears are entertained of their *breaking*. Can't something be done?

NEW YORK.

Pocket Picking.—An individual from New Orleans, named William T. Johnson, had his pocket picked of $4000, in New York, on Wednesday night, by a yellow woman. An officer found three of them at a house, dividing the money. One had $1,800 in one of her stockings; another had a portion of the money sewed up in her petticoat.

Helping a Man Out of Prison.—The citizens of Buffalo have got up a theatrical benefit, to raise funds to pay the fine for which the editor of the Buffalonian is incarcerated in the Buffalo jail. We hope all Buff's friends will come out upon this occasion to enable him to "follow suit."

Enterprising.—A packing box maker, named Lewis Watkins, who was burnt out at the New York fire, being the sixth time in that city, has already rebuilt his shop on the ruins, scarcely yet cold, and recommenced business.

Insolence of Office.—A respectable married lady, named Mrs. Charity Fowler, living in New York, on returning home on Friday night was grossly insulted by a fellow in the street. She turned and in a proper spirit repelled the insult, when she was seized by a captain of the watch and ordered to go with him to the watch-house. Being excessively frightened she attempted to run, when the valiant captain tore her cloak violently off and gave her two blows with his fist, dragged her to the watch house, thrust her into the cell where the prisoners are kept, and then threw his mace at her. A considerable excitement arose in consequence of this treatment among the friends of Mrs. Fowler, and the captain was obliged to release her. In the morning the captain, whose name is Alexander May, was bound over in $200 to answer the assault and battery and the false imprisonment he had perpetrated.

A Western "Buster."—The Despatch says: The Mr. Surtees mentioned as having disappeared from the counter of the Mechanics' and Traders' Bank in Cincinnati, is pretty well known in this city as a hard customer. He has been known to order up sixteen punches into his room for a party of three, and then to knock down the waiter or salver on which they were brought to him. On one occasion, while upon a "bender" in this city, he threw an elegant little gold watch into the grate, and upon the whole appears, from all testimony, to be a "severe buster." He always had plenty of money—and had good business talents, and much shrewdness, when not upon too hard a frolic.

Munificent Bequest.—The "Signal," a new paper here just started, avers, positively, that John Jacob Astor, Esq. has left in his will $350,000 for a *Free Public Library*, to be founded in this city—and that Mr. Cogswell has sailed for Europe in the Wellington packet, being authorised by Mr. Astor to purchase, from time to time, such works as may be deemed proper to form a part of the Library. If such are the facts, they are worthy of the enlarged views of a gentleman whose strong and sagacious mind, and unflinching industry, have carried out for him the means of obtaining, in his adopted country, a princely fortune.—*New York Star.*

A Singular Trial.—In an action tried before the New York Common Pleas on Monday, at the suit of John Duff against Edwin Lord, for wages alleged to be due, it appeared that Duff had been in the employ of Mr. Lord as a waiter for some two or three years, when Mr. L. discovered that he was in the daily habit of drinking wine from the wine cellar of his residence. Upon asking how he intended ever to pay for so expensive a habit, John replied that the amount must be assessed and deducted from his wages. Mr. Lord immediately gave him his discharge; but as he was going, he begged Mr. L. to give him a character—saying that his wine-drinking propensity certainly did not impeach his honesty, as he should have stopped drinking had he been requested to. As John begged hard in behalf of his poor wife and family, Mr. Lord gave him the required certificate of character, when John immediately went to a lawyer and commenced this action. It is very probable that the certificate of character, which was read in Court, will win a verdict in his favor.

Interesting Scene.—The Oregon Mission, composing 50 persons, departed in the ship Sussaner, from New York, on Wednesday. Religious service was performed in the Hercules steamer while she was towing the ship down the Bay; and one of the children of the mission born on the journey from Oregon, was baptized "Oregon." The whole scene of taking leave, and mutual prayers for a prosperous result to this pious enterprise to the remotest shores of the Pacific, was highly impressive, and seemed to be the rehearsal of those glorious days when our puritan ancestors were prompted to seek for religious freedom in this new world, the principles of which are now being carried out by extending the blessings of civilization to the utmost bounds of our territory.

The mail was recently robbed between Albany and Hudson, and its contents rifled.

Shocking Occurrence.—On Thursday of last week, as Mr. James Cassady, a respectable farmer of the town of Greece, near Buffalo, New York, was engaged in tending a threshing machine that was in operation, his foot caught in the machinery, which drew in his leg, and literally *ground it to a pumice to his thigh!* The unfortunate sufferer lingered until about six hours in great agony, when he expired. He has left a wife and six children, the four youngest of whom are under six years of age.

Specie.—The packet ship Wellington, which sailed from New York on Monday, took out $40,000 in specie.

Trouble among the New York Banks.—The New York Express says—"There is an unnecessary want of confidence among the banks. The Bank of Commerce is refusing to receive the certified checks and notes of the North American Trust and Banking Company. The National are refusing the certified checks and notes of the Dry Dock Bank. The banks have the confidence of the public, and they in turn must not only have confidence, but stand by each other. The banks at this particular juncture should act together, not only in meeting their own engagements, but in extending their line of discounts."

New York should be called the city of play-houses. There are six open there now, and in full blast.

Sudden Death.—Mr. Peter Christian, bookkeeper of Mr. J. D. P. Ogden, in Wall street, New York fell dead in the office on Saturday, from apoplexy.

The Late Seizures.—Chancellor Kent has given an opinion against the legality of all the custom House seizures made in New York and other cities.

A Great Day in Flour.—There were 11,560 barrels of flour inspected in New York, on Tuesday.

The Deaths in New York last week were 139; male 79, females 60.

EASTERN.

An Example Worthy of Imitation.—Mr. Thomas Baxter, of Hingham, (Mass.) died recently, at the age of 78. For 55 years he was a subscriber to the Boston Centinel. His prompt payment of his subscription is supposed to have had a material influence in giving him length of days.

A Great Haul.—Six thousand four hundred and twenty bass were taken last week by the citizens of North Dennis, Mass. Two thousand seven hundred and fifty were taken at one haul.

Love of Duty.—A schoolmaster in Vermont, lately flogged a disobedient damsel attending his school, to whom he was engaged. He said, though he kissed her as a lover, it was his duty to lick her as a tutor.

Fatal Accident.—While some workmen were recently employed in digging away the soil on the late Lyman estate in Boston, a bank caved in, and buried an American laborer, named Hart. When taken out he was dead.

Suicide.—Jesse Pomeroy, a grocer at Hartford, was found dead and floating in the Connecticut river recently, with his throat cut.

Firemen's Parade.—The Fire Department of Hartford, Conn. had a parade on the 5th inst.

Effects of Purchasing Lottery Tickets.—A keeper of a retail dry goods store in Boston, named Thomas Thompson, who has been in the practice of purchasing lottery tickets for many years, has recently failed. His creditors wished to know what had become of his property; he told them he had squandered it all away for lottery tickets, having purchased one thousand tickets of one broker alone in one year, and frequently sold his goods at less than cost to obtain money to buy the tickets. He had never drawn any thing but some small prizes.

Pure Water in Boston.—It is proposed in Boston to supply that city with pure water from two sources near it. From the report of the Mayor, it appears that the amount of water needed is calculated by the Committee at about 1,700,000 gallons per day. Jamaica Pond, it appears, now supplies about 150,000 gallons per day, and is capable of supplying upward of 300,000. Spot Pond, in its present condition, may be relied upon for 1,700,000 gallons. It is proposed to combine these two.

The *tallest* editor we know of is Mr. John Wentworth, of Chicago. He out-*generals* general "long tall Jim" by a foot, and is so tall that the Giraffe tried to eat salt off his hat, and could'nt do it.—*Coos (N. H.) Dem.*

WESTERN.

Flour, at Chilicothe, Ohio, October 2d, was down to $4 50 per barrel. Wheat 65 to 70 cents per bushel.

Flour.—Flour was selling at Cincinnati on the 7th inst. from the boats, at $4 per barrel.

Salt.—Mr. John English discovered on his farm in Decatur county, Ia. a salt spring at the depth of only 15 feet. One pound of salt is obtained from 4 gallons of the water. Mr. English is digging for more salt water.—*Indiana Democrat.*

Sub Treasuries Eloped.—Writs against Gen. Nathaniel Smith, Indian Emigrating agent for the Cherokees, are returned, G. T. gone to Texas. He had $100,000 of Uncle Sam's money in his breeches pocket, which he forgot to leave in the hurry of Emigration.

A Bird Flown.—Abraham Bird late receiver of public monies at Palmyra, Mo. has evaporated with 16 or $17,000, government money. He is thought to be still on the wing, as his pursuers as yet have neither seen nor heard from him.

The Iowa Territory.—Mr. Owen, United States Geologist, at the head of a party, is now engaged in exploring the Iowa territory. This fine region is said to abound in coal; iron ore is also said to be abundant. The climate of Iowa and Wisconsin is said to be the finest in America—such at least is the opinion of Captain Marryat, who may be allowed to judge of the weather, if his decision be disputed in other things. The same traveller and Mr. Murray, too, we believe, speaks of the grand appearance of the forests in those territories, in terms indicating something like rapture. The traveller in the *oak openings* moves, as it were, among the pillars and columns of some mighty temple—Gothic and sublime—overarched by leafy boughs—for such is the aspect of the stately trees. In every direction the view extends for hundreds of yards; the majestic trunks stand apart from one another, and there is no undergrowth to obstruct the sight. The grass grows thick and verdant as upon a lawn; the surface is no where hilly, but gently undulating. It is easy to fancy the solemn beauty of such a woodland scene in the calm stillness of a summer's evening, when the declining sun, with softened splendor, casts lengthened shadows over glade and sloping side.

Lands to the amount of $90,000 were sold at Chicago, at the sale in that city which commenced on the 2d inst. All the purchasers were actual settlers.

A Youthful Murderer.—A boy was shot in the neighborhood of Jeffersonville, Ohio, recently under the following circumstances:

"There were four boys, between 12 and 14 years old, in the neighboring woods. It seems that one of them had scared some pigeons, when the one who shot the other threatened that if he scared them again he would shoot him, at the same time, or, probably after receiving a reply, he fired and lodged the load in his companion's side. At first the boy who committed the deed wept bitterly, but recovering himself, he pressed his companions with promises and threats not to betray him, and induced them to assist in throwing the body into a drain or sink and covering it over with brush. The dead boy was of course on that day missed by his father, but, supposing that he had gone to stay some time in Louisville, the father did not search for him for a day or two. At last his father went to Louisville to look for his son, and as he returned he overheard, on the wharf at Jeffersonville, some remarks of the boys concerned, which led to the facts above detailed. The boy who fired the gun is in jail.

SOUTHERN.

Mobile Oct. 5th.—The fever, it is said, has abated, and business is reviving. We are gratified to learn that the two reverend gentlemen, both by the name of Hamilton, who have distinguished themselves by their humane services, and had thus contracted the fever, are recovering.

The Sickness at Augusta (Geo.) October 10th, seemed to be abating for want of subjects. The weather was still dry, and the bed of the river nearly bare. One hundred and ninety-five have died of the epidemic since Aug. 15th, when it began.

Mysterious Disappearance.—Much apprehension is felt at Paris, Henry county, (Tenn.) for the safety of Messrs. Brown and Willey, of that place, who left there on the 6th of July last, on business at the East, and have not since been heard of. One had a considerable amount of specie about him. A meeting of the citizens of Paris had been called by the Mayor, to adopt some measures to ascertain their fate.

A Female Collegiate Institution is in full operation in Buckingham county, (Va.) under the superintendence of the Rev. Mr. Wilbert. At the last session there were ninety-four pupils, three of whom had conferred upon them the diploma of *mistress of polite literature.*

More Indian Murders.—The Tallahassee Star of the 2d inst. says that on the 27th ult. a party of Indians attacked the house of Mr. Bunch on the Wakulla, murdered Mrs. Bunch and one child, and burned the house; also fired on, and badly wounded, Mrs. Whitaker, living neighbor to Mr. Bunch. A detachment of the "Minute Men" started on Monday morning in pursuit of the Indians; the sad news not having reached Tallahassee until Sunday night at 11 o'clock.

Commerce of Wilmington, (N. C.)—The shipping which arrives annually at Wilmington, (N. C.) is as great, according to the Advertiser of that place, as that of Charleston, greater than that of Norfolk, and equal to that of Petersburg and Richmond put together. During the last year, 597 vessels arrived at that port; and a single house exported during one year, from June, 1838, to June, 1839, 50,061 barrels of turpentine, and 3133 barrels of tar.

CHARLESTON, Oct. 7, 1839.

Shipwreck.—The schooner Caleb Nichols, Rowe, from New York, sailed 28th ult. for this port, with a cargo of stone, bricks and hay, went ashore Saturday night, at 12 o'clock, on Bull's Breakers. The schooner immediately bilged and filled, and had commenced to go to pieces at 4 o'clock, when the crew, seven in number, and Mr. J. Hardwick, passenger, left in their boat, and landed at Sullivan's Island yesterday. Vessel and cargo totally lost. The crew saved nothing but the clothes they stood in. The vessel belonged to E. Waterman, of Georgetown. The cargo was owned in this city.

Wolves.—We understand, says the Covington, La. Advocate, of the 21st ult. that a youth of this place, while hunting near Spring Branch, about five miles up the Tchefuncta, fell in with four wolves, one of which he fired at and crippled; after which, the "varmints" showing a disposition to attack him, he took to a tree, and was compelled to remain there some time.

Jealousy and Despair.—A woman attempted to drown herself at Baltimore on Saturday last, and it was only by the exercise of violence by some persons that she was prevented. The cause of her attempt at self-destruction was jealousy. She was some years since married to a man who afterward deserted her, and went to the western country. Since then she formed an improper intimacy with another man, and finding that he, the father of her unborn child, was about to get married, she was driven to despair, and wished to destroy herself rather than live with her character ruined and her fair fame blasted. The poor wretch was properly taken care of, and secured until her mind should become more settled.

Murder.—The New Orleans Picayune of the 2d inst. says: "A horrible and premeditated murder was committed on Tuesday night or Wednesday morning, at the residence of Mr. Julian Seghers, 199 Bourbon street. The victim was a likely mulatto female slave of Mr. Seghers, and the perpetrator of the crime a Spaniard, named Bastian, with whom she lived. He was wont to visit her in her master's house. On Tuesday night they were seen to take tea together; and yesterday morning she was found lying near her bed, the room almost deluged in blood, and her throat severed from ear to ear, every artery having been cut.

Excellent.—A society is now about being formed in this city that we should like to see extend itself over the Union—it is to be called the "Pay-up-all-arrears-and-anti-go-in-debt-to-newspapers Society." Every member is to form a committee of one, whose duty it will be to publish his neighbor if he forgets to comply with the *terms.*—*N. O. Pic.*

Case of Poisoning by Diseased Flesh.—On Saturday last a white woman named Decms died at Baltimore under the following circumstances: A cow belonging to one of the neighbors had died apparently from the effects of poison, and was thrown out upon the commons. The deceased, with two other women, resolved to skin the dead animal, which they did, on Friday, and the deceased also took a portion of the meat and cooking it, she, with several of her children, ate a portion. They were all taken sick, and on Saturday the mother died. The other two women had not eaten any of the meat, but one of them is now suffering in tortures from her arm being inflamed and painful in such a manner as to threaten the lock jaw.

The Floridian Printer's Devil, of the 5th inst. has the following:—"The Tallahassee Guard, were ordered out last night on an Indian alarm, have gone into the country and have not got back. Bos is with 'em, expected back to-day, and he will be tired, hungry and in a bad humor."

Loss of the Steamboat Naples.—The New Orleans Bee of 4th inst. furnishes the following items: "By the arrival of the steamboat Corsican, we learn that the Naples had struck a snag and sunk at Island No. 37, and it was feared would prove nearly an entire loss.

"*Specie.*—By the arrival of the above boat, we perceive the Merchants' bank has received $50,000 in specie from St. Louis."

To Whom it may Concern.—A stranger named Jonathan D. Hopkins, aged about thirty, died at Mr. Greig's hotel, St. Martinsville, La. on the 23d ult. without leaving any information about the residence of his friends and relatives. It is supposed from papers found in his possession, that he came originally from Virginia. He had also lived in Texas, and latterly stopped at a place on Red River, called Sulphur Fork Prairie. He left a boy eight or nine years of age; also papers regarding some land in Texas, and other things of inconsiderable value.

Florida.—The officers attached to regiments serving in Florida, who are absent on leave or otherwise, are ordered to join the army of the South without delay.

The Amount of Notes stolen from the Branch Bank of Tennessee, at Columbia, is stated to be $27,961.

A Marriage at First Sight.—The Milledgeville (Geo.) Journal states that a marriage took place recently in that city, under the following circumstances: "A lady from an adjoining county made her appearance in the morning in our city, for the purpose of selling chickens, butter and eggs, when she was accused by a "jolly swain," "brim full of love," with the pleasing interrogatory, "Dear madam, will you marry me?" Astonished, but not *displeased*, the fair lady blushingly answered in the affirmative. A license was immediately procured, a parson or justice employed, and the happy couple were buckled to each other for life."

Caution.—On Monday last an infant daughter (15 months old) of Mr. James Kenna of Baltimore, was poisoned by eating stramonium, commonly called Jamestown weed, or apple of Peru. Doctor Maguire being called in, administered to the little sufferer, and by his judicious and skilful treatment she has been so far restored as to be now entirely out of danger. The above mentioned weed is highly poisonous, and ought to be carefully kept out of the way of children.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Shipwreck.—The ship Oronoko, from Petersburg, for Boston, stranded in the Baltic, September 4th. The insurance offices in Boston suffer, in consequence, a loss of $96,500.

From the West Indies.—An arrival at New York from the West Indies brings dates to the 7th ult. The Island has been afflicted with a drought, said to be the severest ever known at that time of year, which, we are informed in a postscript, has been happily relieved by a fall of rain, in heavy showers.

Com. Jones.—The Army and Navy Chronicle contradicts, by authority, the rumor which said that Commodore T. Ap. C. Jones, of the United States Navy, had tendered his services to the Texan Government, and that they were declined on account of his advanced age. He never entertained such an idea.

Yellow Fever.—Among the singularities of the season may be mentioned, that last week a decided case of death by yellow fever occurred in the Artillery Hospital at this place. The senior medical officer knows the disease, having seen much of it in the West Indies, and he is convinced the case was yellow fever. All the symptoms, and the post mortem examination were conclusive on the point. We had thought that Canada was far from the track of such a visitant, but it seems to be erratic in its course.—*Kingston, Upper Canada Herald.*

The Brazilian Slave Trade.—From official returns of vessels engaged in the slave trade to the coast of Brazil, under the Portuguese flags, for the several months of the year 1838, it appears that during that year eighty-four vessels entered the port of Rio de Janeiro, and that by them 36,974 slaves were imported; and further, that an apparent reduction in the number compared with 1837 is accounted for, not by any falling off in this infamous traffic, but by the fact that several of the traders have ordered their vessels to discharge at other ports of Brazil, and fit out from thence.

A Liberal Reward.—The Mayor of Newark, N. J. has offered a reward of five hundred dollars for the apprehension of the person who fired the building in that city known as the "Gifford Stand" on the corner of Broad and Market streets, and two hundred dollars for the conviction of the person who cut the hose while the fire was burning.

New Jersey Election.—The result of the election in New Jersey, for members of the Legislature, which took place on Tuesday, 8th inst. gives the whigs 10 council and 36 members of the House. The Van Buren men, 7 council and 23 members of the House, leaving the whigs a majority, on joint ballot, of 16, which will secure to that party the appointment of a Governor, together with those county officers whose term of service expires this fall. Last year the Council was divided, 9 whigs to 8 Van Buren men; Assembly, 30 whigs to 23 Van Buren men.

The End of the World, and No Mistake.—The Rev. Mr. Miller denies the report that he has discovered a mistake in his calculation, which fixes the period assigned for the duration of the world at one hundred years later than he first stated. He adheres to his original calculation, and predicts that it will come to an end in 1840.

An Appalling Fire at Mobile.

FIVE HUNDRED HOUSES DESTROYED.

By the Southern Mail, we have particulars of a most destructive conflagration at Mobile, a city that, scourged by the plague and desolated by fire, now presents but a melancholy ruin of its former opulence. The fire broke out on the night of the 7th, about eight o'clock, and swept on in its resistless career, until ELEVEN SQUARES were a heap of blazing and smouldering ruins.

This awful calamity was preceded by another fire on the night of the Wednesday previous, which destroyed twenty houses, including the City Hotel. Alluding to this fire, the Mobile Chronicle says:

"The loss will amount to about $120,000, over 70,000 being covered by insurance, and about 50,000 uninsured. The following offices are the losers: In this city Alabama Life and Trust Co. $17,000; Mobile $10,000; Fireman's, $4000; Merchants $1500; New Orleans Ocean $10,000; Geo. Insurance and Trust at Augusta $16,000; Charleston Life and Trust $5000; Howard N. York $5000; and Insurance Co. Hudson New York 3500.

The great fire, on the night of the 7th, was, indeed, a dreadful visitation. An extra from the office of the Advertiser, under date of the 8th, furnishes these particulars:

"Last night, at about eight o'clock, when the wind was blowing almost a gale from the south-east, the fire broke out in an old wooden building in the rear of the house on the south-east corner of Dauphin and Conception streets, owned by Mr. Pinto.

"The adjoining buildings, being all of wood, the fire was soon communicated to them, and in a few minutes crossed Conception street. Here it had full sweep—the buildings being very compact, and all of wood, and the wind south-east—the fire swept over the two squares west of Conception, from Conti, on the south, to St. Francis, on the north, with unexampled and terrific rapidity. Proceeding west, it crossed St. Joachim street—then Jackson—here it extended one square further north, to St. Michael street—and then three solid squares abreast, all in one grand terrific flame, it swept onward to Claiborne street, and crossed it, sweeping every thing to Franklin.

"Thus all the buildings on the north side of Conti, from Conception to Franklin, a distance of four squares—all on both sides of Dauphin, to the same extent—on both sides of St. Francis to same extent, with the exception of three buildings on each side at the corner of Conception—all the buildings on the south side of St. Michael, from Jackson to Franklin—all on the cross streets of Conception, St. Joachim, Jackson, Claiborne and Franklin, and probably from 20 to 30 buildings besides in the vicinity, within the limits described above, numbering, it is supposed, about FIVE HUNDRED BUILDINGS, have suddenly been reduced to ashes!"

"By this awful calamity, probably two hundred families are turned into the streets, many of whom are poor and penniless, and will depend entirely upon public charity."

THE NEW MAYOR.

The City Councils met on Tuesday, and unanimously elected Mr. John Swift, Mayor of Philadelphia, for the ensuing year. The usual ceremony of inauguration took place, and the Chief Magistrate of Philadelphia city received the congratulations of a large body of friends.

The power of removing and appointing High Constables and police remains with the Mayor until the 1st of January, when the recent ordinance of Councils, giving to the Recorder the appointment of two High Constables and two police officers, goes into effect, as also the appointment of city clerk, &c. by the several committees of Councils. The daily watch cases are to be examined henceforth by the Recorder, who commenced yesterday.

We copy the following just and judicious remarks from the National Gazette:

Mr. Swift has it in his power to make himself popular and acceptable to all classes of respectable citizens. He should view the large vote given to Mr. Montgomery as an evidence that many individuals were wholly dissatisfied with certain points in his former administration, and as a consequence it should be his constant and cheerful endeavor to meet their reasonable wishes and defend their certain rights. A chief magistrate should uphold the sanctity of property and the supremacy of the laws at all hazards. He should suppress any and every incendiary mob, which, under pretence of justice, may devastate a whole city, in an attempt to demolish a single building. The plain increase of vice in Philadelphia, demands, too, the most earnest attention of its chief magistrate. An evil of tremendous magnitude is the extent and progress of gambling within its limits. This vice is destroying the fair hopes of many a youth, ruining his fortune, debauching his morals, and luring him to prey feloniously on society. There is already here a rising community of gamblers, and if it be understood that the laws against the crime are of uncertain application, and the enforcement of them relaxed or destroyed, we shall have our hells—republican Crockfords—in broad day-light, without a resort to the shadow of privacy or concealment. The laws against gambling are almost entirely invalid. Owing to the difficulty of procuring convictions of four or five gamblers arrested in Seventh street, and tried by the late Attorney-General, not one was sentenced. Either the public is able to protect itself against gaming, or it is not. We believe that it is able, and to the chief magistrate of the city we shall look for a constant effort toward the suppression of the vice.

It is said that the notes of the N. York banks have almost wholly disappeared from circulation in that city. Their place is supplied by the notes of the New England Banks.

Our circulation is going the same way. Country $5 notes are fast filling up the channels of business, and there is great difficulty in even obtaining New Jersey and Delaware 1's for change. We should be truly gratified if our country friends who are indebted (and there are many thousands of them) would remit us 1's and 2's on account. It is curious to observe how many remedies and theories for abating the difficulty of want of change are offered.

A respectable friend proposes that the Banks shall all pay their notes and shut up their doors. Making specie the only medium, and thus bringing down the price of labor to twenty-five cents a day, and other things in proportion. Another, that dimes and half dimes shall be coined as fast as possible, and be substituted for larger coins by the banks. Another that tokens shall be issued by banks putting them at ten per cent. over their intrinsic value to prevent exportation. Another, that a *barter exchange* be established so that money should not be needed.

The Governor, is said to be in favor of the legislature authorising the Treasurer of the Commonwealth to issue 1, 2 and $3 certificates payable in 3 or 4 years at 1 per cent. a year interest—these to be received by the State and the Banks for all dues.

We are decidedly in favor of authorising the banks to issue small notes. When they were in vogue our patrons could always remit the amount of their subscriptions, but when they ceased, subscribers could not send less than a $5 note, and must receive the paper a year or two before they chose to do this—but when the stipulated time arrived there was another serious objection in paying for old papers which had been "*only read*" and thrown by long ago—it was wasting "*good money for dead horse.*"

Extract of a letter to the Editor of S. E. Post, WILLIAMSBURG, UPPER CANADA, Oct. 2, 1839.

There are no particular news in these quarters. In consequence of the descent of a set of loafers upon Prescott in November last, and of another descent of the same kind of fellows upon Windsor in December last, our Province has kept constantly about 40,000 militia men under arms, to be ready at a moment's warning for the battle, should another battle be fought with the lawless. In May last, about the one-half of these militiamen were disbanded, to return to their farms and attend to their agricultural pursuits. Hence we yet have, besides the strong military force in this Upper Province, about 20,000 militiamen under arms—who are by this time pretty well disciplined, and who act as guards to the frontier. Prescott has been much fortified, and it is the intention of our government (if the Whig administration of the present day—with a radical body and an Irish tail—deserves the name of a *British* Government) to build a very strong fort some ten miles east of Prescott—at Point O'Requaw, during the course of next year.

Some expect that this winter the loafers will give us trouble,—others believe, that they will wait a little longer, and will then perhaps attack us when our vigilance begins to flag and drop, and others again think, that the power of loaferism is cast to the four winds of heaven, never again to be concentrated to a focus, for to disturb Canadians, till a national war breaks out between the most powerful constitutional monarchy and the most powerful representative democracy on this earth. To all this—I say—*sous verrons!* I hope, however, that a kind and holy Providence will so control and direct matters, that war, whether civil or national, may never be known any longer between us, and among us—for of all evils that I know, war, such as I have seen it carried on in Germany in the year 1812—1815—is the worst.

PRICES OF FLOUR AT THE LATEST DATES.

New York,	$6 50 a 6 62	Genesee.
	6 50 a ——	Ohio.
Boston,	6 12 a 6 25	Dull.
Portland,	6 75 a ——	
Philadelphia,	6 25 a 6 75	In good demand.
Wilmington, Del.	5 00 a ——	
Baltimore,	5 00 a 5 12	Howard street.
Fredericksburg,	4 67 a 5 00	
Alexandria,	5 00 a ——	
Georgetown,	5 00 a 5 12	
Richmond,	5 00 a 5 25	Very dull.
Charleston,	7 50 a ——	Scarce.
Savannah,	7 25 a ——	Stock small.
Mobile,	6 50 a ——	
New Orleans,	6 00 a 6 50	Abundant.
Cincinnati,	4 25 a 4 37	Receipts inc.
Louisville,	4 25 a 4 50	Dem'd moderate.
Wheeling,	4 00 a 4 25	Dull.
Pittsburgh,	4 00 a 4 12	Dull.
Detroit,	4 75 a 5 00	Stock large.
Cleveland,	5 00 a ——	
Buffalo,	5 00 a ——	Receipts light.
Rochester,	5 25 a ——	

The average price for the above places is $5,46—13 cents lower than it was last week. The decline in the last ten days has been rapid, and prices are now quite as low as they have been this season.

The average price for the month of

May, was	$6 78
June,	6 23
July,	5 61
August,	5 88
Sept.	5 88

The average price on the 5th Oct. was $5 59
" " " 12th " " 5 44

RECEIPTS BY MAIL.

Oct. 11, received from		Oct. 14, received from	
Lovell Bicknell,	$4 00	H. Hayuwas, nett,	2 50
R. Goodridge,	2 00	George Gere,	5 00
R. C. Brown,	1 00	Geo. Mosher, Esq.	1 00
Solomon Headley,	1 00	A. Bowdie, Esq.	2 00
Oct 12.		Wm.C.Spalding,Esq.	2 00
L. B. Richardson,	2 00	A. Barker, Esq.	3 00
F. A. Spalding,	6 00	Wm. P. Veach,	2 00
S. Weir, nett,	4 50	J. Milne, nett,	1 75
Albert Nye, } Edwd. P. Leman, }	5 00	Oct. 15.	
J Gates, Lane. O. } Mrs. G—o. Crus, }	2 00	R. C. Stickney, Esq.	2 00
N. C. Clarkson, Esq.	2 00	O. Nichols, Esq.	1 00
W.H.McKnight,esq.	1 25	J. K. Smith, Esq.	5 00
J. P. Stewart, nett,	2 50	Alex. R. Boteler,	3 00
L. P. Roberts, Esq.	2 00	James Worrall,	2 00
Robt. Reed, Esq.	1 00	Oct. 16.	
P. J. Beaulen, Esq.	2 00	D. E. Price, Esq.	5 00
C. Taliaferro, Esq.	4 00	I. A. Gray, Esq.	2 00
J. H. Edwards, Esq.	5 00	Oct. 17.	
		W. H. Richards,	5 00

☞ Agents will please endorse their letters, and Post masters frank in *full*. To constitute a *frank*, it is necessary to write the name of the Post Master in full, and the word "free" also.☜

SALES OF STOCKS.
By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, for the week ending Thursday.

		prices paid for.	par.
1099 shares	United States Bank,	79a86¼	100
317 do.	Girard Bank,	37½a39	50
258 do.	Mechanics Bank,	37½a40	35
19 do.	Philadelphia Bank,	96½a100	100
6 do.	Far. & Mechanics Bank,	54a54½	50
50 do.	Commercial Bank,	56a57	50
5 do.	Union Bank, Tenn.	70	100
10 do.	Planters Bank, Miss.	65	100
50 do.	Morris Canal Bank,	26	50
330 do.	Kentucky Bank,	73a76	100
238 do.	Com. & R. R. do. Vicks.	34a36½	100
812 do.	Phil. Wil. & Balt. RR.	46a50	50
62 do.	Schuylkill Nav. Co.	92a92½	50
50 do.	Mec.& Tradesmen's Loan,	10	20

ALMANAC.

OCTOBER, 1839.	SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.	HIGH WATER.	MOON'S PHASES.
19 Saturday,	6 31	5 27	11 16	
20 Sunday,	6 33	5 25	11 55	D. H. M.
21 Monday,	6 36	5 24	0 32	
22 Tuesday,	6 37	5 23	1 25	
23 Wednesday,	6 38	5 22	2 19	New 7 8 13
24 Thursday,	6 40	5 20	3 19	First 15 1 24
25 Friday,	6 41	5 19	4 21	Full 22 11 31
26 Saturday,	6 42	5 18	5 21	Last 30 2 39

MARRIAGES.

On the 8th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Carter, Mr. Wm. Brooks, to Miss Sophia Shoemaker, both of the N. Liberties.

On Tuesday evening, 15th inst. by the Rev. George Boyd, Mr. Isaac J. Martin, of this city, to Miss Julianna H. Abbey, eldest daughter of Roswell Abbey, Esq. late of New York.

On Tuesday evening, Oct. 15, by the Rev. Dr. Dorr, the Rev. J. Gordon Maxwell, to Mary, daughter of R. S. Johnson, Esq. all of Philada.

On the 10th inst. at Friends' Meeting, Arch street, Jason L. Fenimore, to Mary, daughter of the late Jonathan Fell, all of this city.

On Tuesday, 8th inst. by the Rev. Felix Barbelin, Mr. Joseph Cottringer, to Miss Mary C. daughter of Wm. Steel, Esq. all of this city.

At Easton, Penn. on Wednesday evening, 9th October, by the Rev. Daniel T. Wood, the Rev. James W. Weed, of New York, to Elizabeth C. daughter of Jacob Abel, Esq. of the former place.

On Thursday evening, 10th inst. by the Rev. Robt. Gerry, Mr. Henry Bennet, of Snowhill, Maryland, to Miss Amanda T. daughter of Thomas Street, of this city.

On Thursday evening, 10th inst. by the Rev. J. C. Clay, Mr. Stillwill J. Bishop, to Rebecca, daughter of Charles Merciere, Esq. both of this city.

In this city, on Thursday evening, 10th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Bethune, Abraham Haldeman, to Mary E. Henderson, both of Charlestown, Chester county.

By the Rev. George Chandler, on the evening of the 2d inst. Mr. Joseph D. Wardell, to Miss Mary Slighter.

On Thursday evening, by the Rev. Henry A. Boardman, Thomas R. F. Mitchell, to Elizabeth M. second daughter of the late Geo. Ralston, Esq. all of this city.

On Thursday evening, 10th inst. by the Rev. A. D. Gillett, Mr. Benjamin B. Lenman, of Lebanon, Pa. to Miss Susanna, daughter of Ebenezer Mustin, of this city.

On 5th day, 10th inst. at Friends' Meeting, Wilmington, Del. Lloyd Oakford, of Darby, Pa. to Rachel, daughter of the late Robert Wilkinson, of the former place.

On the morning of the 15th inst. at Christ Church, by the Rev. Benjamin Dorr, Mr. John Kessler, of the Northern Liberties, to Miss Sophia R. Steever, of Pemberton, N. J.

At New York, on Sunday evening, 13th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Sommers, Mr. Frederick Thatcher, of New York, to Miss Hannah Elliott, second daughter of the late Thos. Elliott, Esq. of this city.

On Sunday evening, 13th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Williams, Mr. Josiah C. Mott, of New York, to Miss Eliza, daughter of Richard Morris, Esq. of this city.

On Wednesday, 9th inst. by the Rev. Thos. G. Allen, Mr. John Lyons, to Miss Jane Thompson, both of Ridley, Delaware county, Pa.

DEATHS.

On Wednesday, 9th inst. Isaac Kline, son of Wm. and Catharine Kline.

On Tuesday morning, 8th inst. at the residence of his brother-in-law, Thomas Armstrong, Esq. Nimrod Marache, in the 46th year of his age, late of the Island of Trinidad.

On Thursday morning, 10th inst. Walter Daniel, son of William and Lydia Rodney, in the 6th year of his age.

On Thursday afternoon, 10th inst. Mrs. Eliza Ann, wife of Wm. Claden, and eldest daughter of John Heron, in the 32d year of her age.

At his residence, near Springfield, Hampshire co. Va. Samuel Abernathy, in about the 94th year of his age. The deceased was a native of Pennsylvania, and a soldier of the Revolution.

In New York, on Tuesday, 8th inst. Franceina Mary, eldest daughter of Chauncey and Franceina M. Tenbrook, of Philadelphia, aged 2 years and 4 months.

In Germantown, on the 9th inst. Mrs. Frances Salter, relict of John W. Salter.

On Thursday, 10th inst. Wm F. Phyfe, infant son of Robert and Helen T. Phyle.

On Sunday morning, 13th inst. Margaret, wife of Joseph Black, in the 48th year of her age.

On Saturday afternoon, after a lingering illness, Henry G. Ruff, aged 23 years.

On Friday, 11th inst. after a long and painful illness, Mrs. Mary Jane Ireland, in the 20th year of her age.

At Scipio, New York, on the 10th inst. in the 21st year of her age, Caroline E. Howland, wife of Chas. W. Howland, and daughter of Wm. E. Hacker, of this city.

In this city, on Thursday, 10th inst. Mr. Charles Daly, a native of Mallow co. Cork, Ireland, and for the last 15 years a resident of Caraccas, South America, aged 63 years.

On Tuesday morning, Mr. David Schaffer, aged 37 years.

On Monday afternoon, 14th inst. Mary Elizabeth, daughter of James C. Fox.

On Tuesday morning, at 7 o'clock, in the 65th year of her age, Mrs. Theresa Christian, wife of Peter Christian, Esq.

On the 14th inst. Harriet, daughter of P. and Eliza Dorff, aged 22 months.

On Monday morning, 14th inst. after a lingering illness, Joseph Walraven, in the 47th year of his age.

In Cincinnati, on Saturday, 5th inst. Mrs. Mary Ann West, wife of Wm. West, and daughter of Mr. John Yard, of this city.

On Friday evening, 11th inst. after a lingering and painful illness, Mrs. Jane Lyle, relict of the late Peter Lyle, in the 51st year of her age.

On the 13th inst. Francis Sullivan, aged 70 years.

In Leamington, England, on the 27th Aug. where he had gone for the benefit of his health, Nathaniel Littlefield, Esq. of New York, aged 43.

Departed this life on the 7th inst. Hannah Scattergood, relict of the late Benjamin Scattergood, of Moorestown, New Jersey. Beloved and respected by all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance, she has left behind her a name that will long be cherished in the affectionate remembrance of her relatives and friends.

Weep not for her, she is an Angel now,
And treads the sapphire floor of Paradise,
All darkness wiped from her refulgent brow,
Victorious over death to her appears,
The vista'd joys of Heaven's eternal years.

On the evening of the 15th inst. George Apple, in the 41st year of his age.

On the 15th inst. Sarah Ann, daughter of Mordecai and Elizabeth Moore, in the 8th year of her age.

NEW COUNTERFEITS.

Merchants' Bank, Boston, Mass.

5's spurious, letter C, payable to J. Smith, dated July 1, 1839. Vignette—ship under full sail; large medallion, head of Washington on right end; the words "Massachusetts Safety Fund" on top of bill. Purport to be engraved by New England Bank Note Company. These spurious bills are signed A. M. Barry, Cashier. C. H. Eldredge is Cashier of this institution.

Phœnix Bank, Hartford, Conn.

5's letter B, dated Oct. 17, 1838, Joseph Alden, Cashr, H. Wells, Pres. (John J. Boace is Cashr.) Ceres is represented in the right hand vignette, and the left hand a woman with the figure "5" as a lyre. Filling up badly written; the plate totally different from the genuine. It may be detected by observing that President is spelt Presdt, while Cashier is abbreviated Cashr.

Bank of Chenango, Norwich, N. Y.

3's dated August 2, 1838, letter J, Ira Wilcox, President, Walter M. Conkey, Cashier; pay A. Hunter. Vignette, Hope leaning on an anchor, with Ceres. Purporting to be engraved by Rawdon & Balch, Albany. Left hand margin "three dollars," with figure "3" in the middle; right hand margin a woman's head. Engraving coarse, paper dark.

Northern Bank of Kentucky, Lexington.

20's, letter D, dated Oct. 1, 1838. Vignette, a man in a sitting posture, with a female kneeling and offering flowers or something of the kind; engraving very coarse, plate new, and not even an attempt at copying the genuine. They can easily be detected by observing that the signatures have been marked out in fine hair marks, which are not covered in the signing.

Morris Canal and Banking Co. Jersey City.

20's, signed Lewis M. Vias, Cashier, and W. A. Thompson, President. The public should be on their guard against receiving them, as neither of the signers are, nor never were, connected with the institution in any manner whatever. H. Alexander is Cashier, and ——Southard, President.

Marine Bank, Baltimore.

5's spurious, letter A, dated March 5, 1839, signed Phil Litting, Jr. Cashier, J. Bier, President. Vignette, Steamboat, Ship and Sloop.—On right hand, medallion head of Franklin, on left hand, denomination (5) at top and bottom of bill.—*Bicknell's Reporter.*

Twenty dollar notes counterfeit on the Bank of Pittsburgh, have just made their appearance. Vignette, a female leaning on an urn of flowers; on the right hand border a girl carrying a pitcher; on the left a cupid, differing from that of the genuine note of this denomination, dated January 1st, 1839. Letter C, payable to E. Wood, J. Brown, and probably others—John Snyder, Cashier, John Graham, President—the whole appearance different from the genuine notes, but well calculated to deceive persons not familiar with the true notes.—*Pittsburgh Adv.*

PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM.

THIS EVENING, OCTOBER 19, at 8 O'CLOCK

The Musical Glasses, Mons. and Mad. Canderbeck and Mr. Quayle.

CONCERT in the style of the celebrated PAGANINI, on the German Harp and Violin. MR. WATSON will perform on Smith's Patent Grand HARMONICON, or MUSICAL GLASSES!

MR. CANDERBECK will imitate with such perfect accuracy as to deceive the ear, all kinds of instruments, viz: a full Chorus, playing on four strings at once: the Flute, Flageolet, Double Flute, Hautboy, Trumpet, French Horn, English Bugle, Scotch Bagpipes, Cymbals. Mimic an Old Woman in a merry mood, a hunting piece, with the crying of hounds in full chase, on ONE STRING the tones of an organ, the chaunting of a Nun, a Monk, the Mother Abbess and Father Capuchin. The celebrated Andante on ONE STRING, in which he will imitate the Octave Flute and Singing of Birds.

PART I.

SENADO—on the Harp and Violin, by Mr and Mrs Canderbeck. BALLAD—Mr. Quayle, "Gloomy Winter's now away. GRAND WALTZ POLONAISE—on the Harp, by Mrs. Canderbeck. FANTASIA—Mr. Watson on the MUSICAL GLASSES, introducing Scotch and other favorite Melodies, "Auld Lang Syne," "Mary Swiss Boy," "Home Sweet Home" "Allegretto," SONG—Mr Quayle. "The heart that loves fondest of any." WALTZ—in which Mr. Canderbeck will imitate Hautboy and the Jewsharp.

PART II.

MARCH—Mrs Canderbeck, on the Harp. SONG—Mr. Quayle, "My Home is upon the deep, Love." GRAND MARCH: ANDANTE with STACCATO SOLO—of the Octave Flute and Flageolet, and Singing of Birds: FRENCH VESPERS—in which Mr. Canderbeck will imitate the tones of an Organ, the chanting of a Nun, a Monk, and of the Mother Abbess and Father Capuchin.

On Monday a grand Concert will be given by Mrs. Watson, aided by Miss Clarence Wells, Mr. Quayle, and the Musical Glasses, &c.

On Tuesday evening next, a Grand Concert by the Pupils of the Pennsylvania Institution, for the instruction of the Blind will take place.

Charge of Admission TWENTY FIVE CENTS, or five Tickets, if purchased during the day, for One Dollar.

MAHAN vs. WARD.

"I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word."

THE charge of ingratitude comes rather inaptly from the Literary Tailor, and it may not be amiss to state the ground on which he would lain claim gratitude "Once on a time when" Ward was a gentleman, or passed for one, amid repairs, incidental to a removal, we deposited some merchandise in Ward's garret for which, it is true, he charged us no rent. "MAGNANIMOUS WARD!!!!!"—Again, we had recourse to the Money Broker, who took up our notes for us and charged us five per cent. per month for the benevolent act, GENEROUS FRIEND!!!—that money lender was *Allen Ward!!!*—and for this he claims gratitude. If, however, that bounteous friend has still retained uncancelled the notes for which we have paid five per cent. (which knowing him as we do we regard as probable) Our debt of gratitude, we apprehend, is much lessened.

It appears that the *Literary Tailor* has taken our remarks in praise of his beautiful lines, in high dudgeon; now this is indeed unkind if not ungrateful and we were about to declare, "We would never do a good natured thing again," however, we entertain the hope that our Poet will look with more complacency upon us in our new capacity, for we declare, that if not our first effort in that *line*, it is our first at reviewing such *lines*. Our Poet fretting under the delusion that we burlesqued his lines, has recourse for precedent to Dryden, who makes *Alarms* rhyme with *Arms*; Fawcet, by whom *Yield* is made to rhyme with *Shield*, *four* with *near*, &c; and to Newton, in whose lines tought rhymes with brought, as authority for his rhyming *copyright* with *right*.

Our Poet saith that—"*the poetic ear can appreciate the music*" now as our friend Sam Veller would say, "*It likes that ere vastly*"—we most truly believe that fine musical ears can alone appreciate such poetry as Ward's, and we believe further, that it will require still more acuteness in musical sounds, to discover the analogy between his quotations from Steel, Fawcet, Newton, and Giordano Jews, and the last happy effort of the Literary Tailor—they were Poets of but mediocrity, neither of whom would have attempted to rhyme *shoes* with *oppose* or *sees* with *entice*. No! it requires that musical precision which enables Ward to surmount these difficulties of rhyme, and to appreciate them.

We would advise our Poet to eschew the dull field of prose, Parnassus is his proper abode, it is required of prose writers to speak the truth occasionally, whereas the poet's license will release him from that (to him) insurmountable difficulty.

The following beautiful lines by Allen Ward, Esquire, (all poets are Esquires) we ventured to commend.—We are sorry that our praise gave so much offence to the author.

Mahan pretends to claim in his own right,
An equal footing in Ward's copy right,
The shoe won't fit, the cloven foot is seen
Too fiendish quite Ware's shoes to enter in.

Ward first upon his feet, in his own shoes,
Usurpers e're will meet and them oppose;
No cloven foot shall in his track find place,
No plagiarist Ware's copyright disgrace.

TO TAILORS.—F. Mahan would inform the Trade that his Fall Report of the London and Philadelphia Fashions and his plate of Fashions are now ready for delivery, this is the largest Report he has yet published—The Plate of Fashions is a large and beautiful Copper Plate Engraving, and is much superior to any he has heretofore published. It contains twelve figures in fashionable costumes among which is the likeness of the Captain of the Philadelphia "National Greys," in his uniform.

TERMS, &c.—Instructions in the art of Garment Cutting by the publisher, or through an agent, will be imparted; and the subscriber will be supplied with a set of the work, including Scales, Protractor Drafts, with instructions for journeymen in making up, &c at Ten Dollars for the first and Five Dollars per annum, on all subsequent years, *payable in advance*. Persons already acquainted with the Protractor System, will be supplied with the work at Five Dollars per annum, in advance, from the commencement of their subscription.

The Plate of Fashions is put at the low price of $2 per annum, to those who subscribe to the Reports, non-subscribers will be charged $1 per single plate.

Chart and Plain Rulers (inventions of F. Mahan's) from $1.50 to $4 each.

Protractors of Holly, with metallic braces, from $2 to $4 each.

Scales on Bristol Board, varnished, $1 per set. Inch measures wholesale and retail.

N. B. *All letters must be post paid.*

Address F. MAHAN,
oct 19—1t No. 215 Chesnut Street, Philada.

OBSERVE.

THE public are respectfully informed that I have removed my office in Philadelphia, to No. 3 South Seventh corner of Market street, where all business connected with the sale of my CHAMOMILE AND APERIENT PILLS will in future be transacted.

N. B.—All communications by letter should be addressed to me, at my principal office, 100 CHATHAM STREET, New York.

oct 5—1m WILLIAM EVANS, M. D.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.

AS there is a deleterious imitation of my GENUINE CHAMOMILE AND APERIENT PILLS in the market, the patrons of my medicine are requested to obtain their supplies at my office, 100 CHATHAM STREET, NEW YORK, or 3 SOUTH SEVENTH, CORNER OF MARKET STREET, PHILADELPHIA, and to be particular in every instance to observe that the label on each *Bottle, Box or Package*, has the following notice: "*Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1839, by William Evans, in the Clerk's Office of the Southern District Court of New York.*" ALL OTHERS ARE COUNTERFEITS! WILLIAM EVANS, M. D.

oct 5—1m

JACOB SENNEFF,

NO 165 North Second street, between Race and Vine street, Philadelphia, opposite the sign of the Camel—Manufacturer of Brass, Steel and Cane Reeds and Healds, or harness of all kinds. He also keeps for sale all articles used by manufacturers, all of which he warrants to be of the best quality, and sold at reasonable prices, viz: Machinist cards of all descriptions, (both Shoe and Filling) Shuttles, Comb Plate, bell Picker and Lace Leather, Sheep and Calf Roller Skins, Press Paper, Tickers, Roller Cloths, Sattinet Linsey and Kentucky Jean Warps, Heald Yarn, Linen and Cotton Carpet Chain, of all colors, Coverlet and Blue and White Cotton Yarn, &c. &c. oct 12—tf

PUBLIC SALE.

PURSUANT to an order of the Orphans Court of Delaware county, will be exposed to public sale on FIFTH DAY, the 14th of 11th mo. (November) next, on the premises in Haverford township Delaware county, the following valuable Real Estate, late the property of Levi Lukens, deceased.

No. 1. A tract of land containing about seventy acres, situate in Haverford township, bounded by the county line road, between the Haverford and West Chester roads, opposite the six mile stone, and adjoining lands of Joseph Cloud, Edward Kelley, Manuel Eyre, the land now offered and others. There is on the premises a Two Story Dwelling House, with four rooms on a floor and a pump of excellent water in the kitchen; a large new double floored barn seventy by forty feet with a pump in the barn yard; also adjoining, and stabling sufficient for a large number of cattle and horses; a never failing spring near the dwelling; a hog house, chair house, and other out-buildings. There is also on the premises a large Apple Orchard, together with pear and plumb trees. The land is of an excellent quality, well watered, and calculated for a dairy, for which it has been used for a number of years to a good state of cultivation, and convenient to schools, mills and places of worship of different denominations.

No. 2. A tract of land, containing about seventy acres, situate in Haverford township, Delaware county, bounded by lands of Dennis Kelley, William Rogers, Jonathan Miller, William Johnson and Joseph Cloud. There is on this tract a large New Stone Dwelling House three stories high, with two parlors and a kitchen on the first floor finished in good order from garret to cellar, a pump of good water at the door, covered with a piazza, a large new Barn, about 60 by 40 feet, and stabling sufficient for six horses and twenty-four cows, a chair house and spring house over a good spring of water, and other outbuildings. There is on the premises a number of fruit trees, and a small proportion of wood. A road running from the West Chester to the Haverford road passes in front of the dwelling. This property is also convenient to mills, schools and places of worship. The land is well fenced, of a first rate quality, in a high state of cultivation, having had a large quantity of lime and manure put on it within the last year. The property is well watered, and has been used as a dairy farm.

No. 3. Containing ten acres situate in Haverford township, adjoining lands of Dennis Kelley, Jonathan Miller, Levi Anderson and others. The land is in a good state of cultivation, well fenced, and is at present in grass.

A further description is deemed unnecessary, as it is presumed persons wishing to purchase will view the premises, which will be shown them by William Bryan, residing on the first mentioned tract, or Peter Hall, residing on tract No. 2.

Persons desirous of information, relative to the above property, can obtain it by applying to the undersigned, residing in Upper Darby township, Delaware county near the five mile stone on the West Chester road.

☞ Sale to commence at 12 o'clock, on the day above mentioned, and conditions made known by

NATHAN LUKINS, Administrator.

Samuel Weaver Clerk.
10th mo. 12th, 1839. oct 19—4t

FARMERS' HAY MARKET ASSOCIATION.

THE Directors have declared a dividend of two and a half per cent for the last six months, which will be paid to the Stockholders or their legal representatives, after the 15th inst.

Agreeable to the tenth article of Association, the annual meeting of Stockholders will be held at Jacob S. Walton's Hay Market Hotel, in 6th street above Noble on Tuesday, November 5th, at 10 o'clock, A. M. when there will be eight Directors chosen to serve the ensuing year. By order of the Board.

HUGH WHITTON, Secretary.
Philadelphia, Oct. 16th, 1839. oct 9—3t

Cough, Asthma, Spitting of Blood, of Sixty Years Standing, Cured by DR. JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT!

PHILADELPHIA, August 16th, 1839.

MR. ATKINSON—Dear Sir: A few weeks ago I noticed in your paper, an account of the surprising effects of JAYNE'S CARMINATIVE, in restoring a great number of passengers on board a Mississippi steamboat, to perfect health who were affected with Bowel Complaint. I was glad to see you notice it so kindly; you may rest assured it deserves the praise bestowed upon it. The benefit I have received from this medicine, more especially his EXPECTORANT, induces me to state my case to you for the benefit of those who are afflicted in the same way. It has been my misfortune, sir, to labor under a cough and asthmatical oppression, for more than half a century. When a soldier in the American camp, in 1779, with many others, (owing to great exposure,) I had a violent attack of disease of the Lungs, by which I was disabled from duty for a long time. Since that period, until recently, I have never been free from a violent Cough and difficulty of breathing. Year after year I have expectorated over a gill a day; often much more, and sometimes mixed with blood. For months together, night after night, I have had to sit or be bolstered up to obtain my breath. The weakness and debility caused by such constant expectoration, frequently brought me to a state bordering on death. It has been a matter of astonishment to my family and friends, that I am here to write this to you. I have had skilful physicians to attend me, and every thing done that was thought likely to give me relief, without any beneficial effect. Last winter I had another severe attack of Inflammation of the Lungs, which I fully expected would be the last. I then considered my case as past the aid of medicine, when I was persuaded to call on Doctor Jayne. With the assistance of Divine Providence, through him, I was once more raised from my bed, but the coughing and wheezing wearied me day and night. He advised me to use his Expectorant. I did so, with a strong hope that, as it had cured many of my acquaintances of various diseases of the Lungs, it might at least mitigate my sufferings. Need I say how gratified I feel? IT HAS EFFECTUALLY CURED ME. As soon as I commenced taking it, I found it reached my case, and I began to breathe with more freedom. My expectoration became more easy, and my cough entirely left me. I now feel as well as ever I did in my life, and am better than I have been for the last SIXTY YEARS. Last summer I spit a great deal of blood; now, thank God, I am perfectly cured. Now, Sir, after suffering so long, and finding at last such signal relief from Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, I feel anxious to inform my fellow citizens where relief may be had. If you think this worthy a place in your paper, you will oblige me by noticing it.

NICHOLAS HARRIS, Sen. No. 35 Lombard st.

Dr. Jayne's Office is No. 20 South Third Street, Philadelphia. oct 5—1f

DR. JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT.

THIS invaluable medicine is daily effecting the most astonishing and wonderful cures that have ever been known. All who have ever used it for ASTHMA, COUGH, SPITTING OF BLOOD, WHOOPING COUGH, CROUP OR HIVES, CONSUMPTION, CHRONIC PLEURISY, *Hoarseness, Pain* and *Soreness* of the Breast, difficulty of *breathing*, and every other disease of the Lungs and Breast can and do attest to its superior usefulness. BRONCHITIS, a disease which is annually sweeping thousands upon thousands to a premature grave, under the mistaken name of CONSUMPTION, is *always* CURED by it. The usual symptoms of this disease (Bronchitis) are Cough, or Soreness of the Lungs or Throat, Hoarseness, Difficulty of Breathing, Asthma, *Hectic Fever*, a spitting up of Phlegm or *matter*, and sometimes of *blood*. It is an inflammation of the fine skin which lines the inside of the whole of the wind tubes or air vessels, which run through every part of the Lungs. The Expectorant immediately suppresses the Cough, Pain, Inflammation, Fever and Difficulty of Breathing, and produces a free and easy *Expectoration*, and a cure is soon effected.

It always cures ASTHMA—two or three large doses will cure the CROUP OR HIVES of children, in from fifteen minutes to an hour's time. It immediately subdues the violence of WHOOPING COUGH and effects a speedy cure. Hundreds who have been given up by their physicians as incurable with "CONSUMPTION," have been restored to perfect health.

CERTIFICATES.

From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

"*Messrs. Editors.*—I observed, some time ago, a communication over the signature of "A Parent," stating that Dr. *Jayne's Indian Expectorant* had been the means of saving the lives of three of his children, who were suffering severely with Whooping Cough, and having but a short time before lost one of my children by that dreadful complaint, and having another, and my *only* child, suffering the greatest agony with the same disease, and in hourly expectation of its death, I was induced to purchase a bottle of it and commenced using it according to the directions, and to the surprise of all, it began to mend in fifteen minutes after we commenced using it, and the child has now completely recovered.

My wife, also, who has been for the last two years laboring under consumption and for several months past confined mostly to her bed, is now taking the same valuable medicine, and has found so much benefit from its use, that we are firmly persuaded she will soon recover, as she scarcely coughs twice in twenty four hours, and has so far recovered as to be able to sit up half a day at a time. I have no acquaintance with Dr. Jayne, but I hereby return him a husband's and a father's grateful acknowledgments. J. L. SIMPKINS.

Philadelphia, April 21, 1837.

Modest Town, Va. Aug. 27, 1838.

DR. JAYNE.—Dear Sir.—I have been using your Expectorant extensively in my practice for the last three months, and for all attacks of Colds, Coughs, Inflammation of the Lungs, Consumption, Asthma, Pains and Weakness of the Breast, it is decidedly the best medicine I have ever tried. Very respectfully yours,

R. W. WILLIAMS, M. D.

From Dr. E. P. Hitchcock, a Graduate of Jefferson College, Philadelphia.

Dr. Jayne.—Dear Sir.—I am happy to inform you that I am acquainted with many instances of the good effects of your Indian Expectorant. Its highly beneficial influence in the case of the Rev. Mr Rusling, is indeed astonishing; that after a failure of every other means it should rescue him from a painful *decline* and protract his very useful life. My confidence in your Expectorant is also increased from a partial knowledge of its composition, and from the happy relief which I experienced from a very harrassing Cough, with which I have been afflicted; and as I am about to leave the city for the South, I would be pleased to receive some to take with me.

Respectfully yours, &c

E. P. HITCHCOCK, M. D. No. 31 Sansom St.
Philadelphia, Oct. 16, 1837.

New York, January 25, 1838.

Dr. Jayne—Sir: Permit me to express my deep sense of obligation I am under to you for the discovery of the Expectorant. For several years past I have been severely affected with diseased lungs, attended with cough, and occasionally spitting of blood, and had tried all the Doctors to no avail. Fortunately I obtained a package of your medicine when passing through your city a few weeks ago, which I have used and which has entirely relieved me. My health is much better now than it has been for several years past, and I attribute it entirely to the use of your invaluable medicine. You are at liberty to publish this if you deem it necessary.

Yours sincerely, in haste,
JOHN BOLIKA, Sen.

Dr. Jayne—Dear Sir—My child, owing to exposure when recently coming up the Ohio, was attacked by that terrible malady, CROUP. We landed in the night at Beaver Point, and when our fears were alarmed, lest the hoarse, sepulchral cough was the forerunner of death we gave him a teaspoon full of the 'Expectorant' (a bottle of which you presented me with when in Philadelphia) and applied some liniment to the throat and breast, and before many minutes the hoarseness was gone, the child breathed freely and slept sweetly. Owing to these circumstances it cannot be wondered at why I have so high an opinion of Dr. Jayne's medicine, and why I advise every family to keep it on hand, ready for any emergency. Respectfully yours,

ARTHUR B. BRADFORD,
Pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Darlington, Pa.
June 9th, 1839.

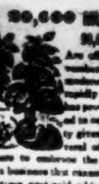
Numerous other certificates might be added, but the above are considered sufficient evidence of its great usefulness.

Prepared only by Dr D. Jayne No. 20 South Third Street, Philadelphia. Price $1. oct 14—3m

PHILADELPHIA LIBRARY.

FOR SALE a Share in the Philadelphia Library—Cheap. Apply at the office of the Saturday Evening Post. se 10—tf

20,000 MULTICAULIS TREES.

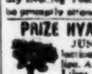


50,000 MORUS MULTICAULIS

Are offered for sale, deliverable in November next. They will be sold at moderate prices on good terms. The rapidly extending Silk business, which has proved so profitable and well adapted to our climate, with the large Bounty given for its encouragement by several of the States, ought to induce farmers to embrace the earliest opportunity of getting into a business that cannot be overdone.

Letters, post paid, addressed to the office of the Saturday Evening Post, 20 Carter's Alley, Philadelphia, will be promptly attended to. jy 6—tf

PRIZE HYACINTHS—GARDEN SEEDS.



JUST received, and on sale, a superb collection of double and single Hyacinths, Tulips, Anemones, Ranunculus, Amaryllis Ixia, Lilies, and other Bulbous Roots, imported direct from Holland, and selected expressly for our establishment. The Hyacinths are of the first order and finest named kinds, warranted true to name and of fine, very large bulbs, and the finest assortment ever offered for sale in Philadelphia, and in every way superior to the common Dutch Bulbs, sold at auction every fall. The Hyacinths are the same splendid kinds to which the Pennsylvania Horticultural Society awarded the premium for bloom—flowered in glasses in February last.

With a full and general assortment of Garden, Field, and Flower Seeds WARRANTED, and our own growth accustomed to every climate, put up at the shortest notice whether large or small. Rohan Potatoes, Chinese Tree Corn, &c at our Horticultural warehouse, No. 97 Chesnut street, above Third street.

oct 19—tf HIRST & DREER

THE SUNFLOWER LEAF A SUBSTITUTE FOR TOBACCO.

IT has long been well known that the Sunflower (Helianthus) is profitable to the cultivator, the seed producing an oil equal if not superior to olive oil, for the table or druggist, and finds a ready sale in market at a greater price than the flaxseed oil; but the medicinal virtues of the leaf—like many other discoveries that minister to the comfort of man, was entirely accidental—an individual, laboring under an Asthmatic complaint, made use of the leaf in the way of smoking, having prepared the leaf and made into segars like those made from tobacco, from the use of which he received instantaneous relief, and in every case of coughs, colds, or oppression of the chest, where the segar made of the Sunflower leaf have been used they have given relief.

In Botany, the medicinal virtues of the leaf as a pectoral, and expectorant are well established. Its healing qualities to the breast and lungs, contrast strongly with those of tobacco, which possess none of these properties; but on the contrary is harsh, acid, bitter and stimulating; and when used in the way of smoking, always proves more or less injurious to those who use it, and more especially to consumptive habits. Hence the Patentees of the Sunflower and Rhubarb segars, flatter themselves that if they can succeed in introducing a substitute for tobacco a poisonous plant, whose action upon the human system is deleterious, for one which is mild and soothing—and possessing medical properties of a high order; they will confer a benefit not only to habitual smokers who are suffering from the practice of an inveterate habit, but upon invalids who may be induced to give the Sunflower Segar a trial. The Sunflower is a plant of vigorous growth, and may be cultivated in almost any soil, and has been extensively cultivated in some of the New England States for the oil alone; but when the value of the leaf shall be added to the oil there is little doubt that in a short time the culture of the Sunflower will be found quite as profitable as the cotton crops of the South; and much more so than tobacco—for being a more certain crop—and suited to almost every variety of soil and climate, the planter will find it his interest to invest his capital and labor in the culture of a plant that will in a short time supercede the use of tobacco in the way of smoking.

The subscribers, Patentees of the Sunflower and Rhubarb Segars, hold a number of original certificates amongst which are the following:

I do hereby certify that through inclemency of the weather, my throat had become so hoarse that I could not make myself understood, after having smoked one of the Sunflower Segars, in thirty minutes I could converse with ease. GEORGE ROLLISSON.

Witness present,
NATHANIEL HAMILTON,
Hinkletown, Lancaster County, Pa.

The following list of names are on similar certificates, Dr. Winters, David S. Groff, John Lutz, Allen Yant, Daniel Hahn, John Johns, Samuel Stauffer, Adam Wolf, Capt. Samuel D. Miller, Henry Stoutenburger.

The subscribers have now on hand a small lot of Segars from their last years stock, and have a considerable crop under their immediate cultivation, which with other arrangements they will be enabled to meet all orders received after the first of December next. In distributing the above Segars, they ask the influence of a liberal public, which is always ready when agriculture and reform are the motto; by that time they will be enabled to furnish their friends and the public with a superior quality of segars.

All letters, orders for samples at present, or correspondence to contract for a right of making in any state or section of the Union, (not yet contracted for) when post paid, and directed to the subscribers, Marietta, Pennsylvania, will receive proper attention.

GROFF & GOODMAN.

N. B. Country editors, inserting the above three times, and sending one copy to the subscribers, will be entitled to one box of segars. jy 20—tf

PULMONARY CONSUMPTION.

THIS disease is a wasting away of the whole body, attended with a hectic fever, cough and spitting up of matter from an ulcer on the lungs. SYMPTOMS—The inflammatory stage begins with chilliness, succeeded by heat, lowness of spirits, shrillness of voice, salt taste in the mouth, pain in the breast and side, attended with a dry cough. A weight is experienced at the affected part of the lungs, loss of appetite, vomiting and spitting up of frothy and florid blood. After some time the matter is expectorated of different colors, white, yellow, green and bloody, either without smell or offensive.—The body begins to fall away and grow cold, the hectic fever increases, attended with frequent burnings in the hands and lower extremities, sometimes the tongue will be full of small ulcers, after eating, the patient will have a fixed red color on his cheeks; the pit of the stomach contracts, the functions of the animal economy grow languid, the body becomes dry, the eyes sink deep within their cavities—at length from debility, the patient pays the debt of nature at the time when he is flattering himself with the hopes of a speedy recovery. To obviate all those symptoms at the commencement of the disease, use DR SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY BARK, which will immediately HEAL THE ULCERATED LUNGS, stopping profuse night sweats, and at the same time, strengthening and invigorating the whole system. A single bottle of this medicine is sufficient in many cases to test its good effects. Thousands have been relieved while on the brink of the grave, by using a few bottles of this invaluable Syrup. It is not to be understood that this medicine is the elixir of life, and will cure Consumption in its last stages. This it will not do, but it will positively palliate and relieve those sufferers, who for a series of years have not experienced a happy hour.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE for the sale of this medicine is at the Medical Office, No. 19 North EIGHTH Street, Philadelphia, where all orders must be addressed. To avoid imposition the Proprietor's name is impressed on the bottles; likewise his signature is attached to the labels on the bottles. Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5.

AGENTS.—Mrs. Parker, Kensington; Benjamin Brown, corner of Shippen and George streets, Philadelphia; Hess & Shreck, Norristown; Jesse Kerns, West Chester; John Wiad, Lancaster; Joseph Scott, Wilmington; and Andrew Keefer, Harrisburg. sep 14—6tif—eotf

DR. SWAYNE.

RESPECTED FRIEND.—From the very beneficial effects which I have received from the use of thy COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY BARK, I am fully willing to testify to the astonishing effect. My attack was that of a common COLD, which began to threaten something of a more serious nature. Being recommended to use the above Syrup, I finally gave it a trial, and am happy to say it gave me almost instant relief. I have used it frequently, and always with the same beneficial effects. If others would use this medicine at the commencement of their COLDS and COUGHS, they would prevent a disease which would be more alarming in its character, and much more obstinate in the cure. ELWOOD L. FUSEY.

S. W. corner of Arch and Fifth streets, Philada.

The above Medicine is for sale at the MEDICAL OFFICE, 19 NORTH EIGHTH Street, Philadelphia and respective agents. For sale in Baltimore at No. 3 N. GAY Street. sep 14—6tif—eotf

MORE PROOFS

OF THE EFFICACY OF DR. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY BARK.—Mrs. BROWN, corner of Second street and the forks of Germantown Road, effectually cured. Her symptoms were *general debility*, attended with a constant COUGH, pain in the side, breast and back, with other symptoms indicative of PULMONARY DISEASE, not essential to intimate. After using the second bottle of this invaluable medicine, her cough entirely disappeared, and her strength increasing fast, and by the time she used two bottles more, she found herself freed from all pain and other unpleasant symptoms which attended her disease. She is now enjoying perfect health, and willing to give any information respecting her cure; likewise recommends this Syrup to all afflicted with a cough or a disease of the *lungs*. For sale at No. 19 N. EIGHTH Street, Philadelphia. sep 14—6tif—eotf

TRUE POMADE DIVINE.

THE great usefulness of this most excellent remedy is now so well known to all who have applied it, that no encomium is necessary. One trial will prove its efficacy.

It is used in all CUTANEOUS ERUPTIONS quickly removing PIMPLES, and by a little perseverance the most obstinate and long fixed complaints have been eradicated when all other means have failed. Instances of the most singular cures could be adduced.

It cures CHAPPED HANDS and LIPS, BURNS, and SCALDS, BRUISES, SPRAINS, and all sorts of SWELLINGS from falls or otherwise; SORE NIPS, SWELLING OF THE GLANDS and will greatly relieve RHEUMATIC and GOUTY PAINS, based in any part. It is an excellent dressing for a BLISTER, removes the CHAFING OF INFANTS, and is invaluable for SORE FEET, particularly in lying in, its unfailing efficacy in this very trying case should be universally known. It is useful for a CANCER, before it is broken, for a GANGRENE, melting a little into the wound, for PAINS IN THE STOMACH, well rubbed in before the fire, for the PILES, and will prevent a FELON. If a little be well rubbed in for a few minutes on a BRUISE or CONTUSION will prevent blackness. Is of great benefit to those afflicted with CORNS and is invaluable for FROSTED FEET. It will prevent any inconvenience from the effect of cold weather, and will keep the HANDS and FACE perfectly SMOOTH, SOFT and PLEASANT. The delicacy of its fragrance renders it most agreeable. It is prepared with great care from BALSAMS and SPICES, and warranted not to contain a particle of any injurious ingredient; it will retain its virtues many years, in all climates, and is therefore useful to Travellers.

In glasses, with full directions, price 25 and 50 cents, by R. FENNER, 13 SOUTH THIRD St. Philadelphia, and in every city in the United States.

☞ None are Genuine without his signature on the label. A liberal allowance to Agents. oct 16—6m

THE OLIO.

Variety's the Spice of Life,
That gives it all its flavour.

From the Knickerbocker.

BED.

Our sweetest and most bitter hours are thine:
Thou by the weary frame art fondly pressed,
Which, grateful, blesses in most devout shrine,
While curtains there, pale Sickness' sad unrest;
'Tis here the blushing bride receives her lord,
'Tis here the mother first beholds her child;
'Tis here death snaps affection's fondest cord,
And changes sunny bliss to anguish wild;
'Tis here the good man, pondering on his fate,
Beholds that bed which this doth typify,
Made by the sexton, his frail form's estate,
Where, in long slumber, it shall dreamless lie;
And he awaits, feeling in that dark sod
His robe alone will lie—the rest with God!

We have it.—We have found out that when a young lady "sets her cap," she means to cap-tivate, and then cap-ture some fellow, if she can. What a cap-ital cap-er that is! We are not cap-able of being cap-tured by such cap-ers.

Educate Your Children.—The following elegant extract ought to be read by every parent, and particularly every farmer:

"If the time shall come when this almighty fabric shall totter; when the beacon which now rises in a pillar of fire, a sign and wonder of the world, shall wax dim, the cause will be found in the ignorance of the people. If our Union is still to continue to cheer the hopes and animate the efforts of the oppressed of every nation; if our fields are to be untrod by the hirelings of despotism; if long days of blessedness are to attend our country in her career of glory; if you would have the sun continue to shed its unclouded rays up at the face of freemen, then *educate all the children in the land.* This alone startles the tyrant in his dreams of power, and rouses the slumbering energies of an oppressed people. It was intelligence that reared up the majestic columns of national glory; and this alone can prevent them from crumbling to ashes."

A court buffoon having offended his sovereign, the monarch ordered him to be brought before him, and with a stern countenance, commanded him to prepare for death, adding, that he would show no mercy except permitting him to choose what kind of death he would die. The jester replied, "I adore your clemency, and choose to die of *old age.*"

A Good One.—"My dear, what shall we name our babe," said Mr. Smith to Mrs. Smith, the other day.
"Why, hm, I've settled on Peter."
"Peter! Good Lord, I never knew a man with the simple name of Peter who could earn his salt."
"Well, then, we'll call him *Salt Peter.*"—*Claremont Eagle.*

Young ladies never should run to fires. It don't look well.

A man who was "how come you so," fell down last evening. Another pronounced it the failure of *steam* navigation.

"Take off your hat, man," cried Lord Abinger to an amazon in a riding-dress, who appeared as a witness in a nisi prius court of a certain country town.—"I'm not a man," replied the indignant lady. "Then," said his lordship, "I'm no judge."

In cases of doubtful morality, it is usual to say—Is there any harm in doing this? This question may sometimes be answered by asking ourselves another; Is there any harm in letting it alone?

If you have a good wife, take care of her; and if you have not, get one immediately.

There is a woman in Alabama so tall, that a person has to be introduced to her twice before he can get acquainted.

A lady in Montreal recovered $1000 of a Maj. Breckford for hugging and kissing her rather too roughly. She ought to set a high value upon the money—she got it *by a tight squeeze.*

Do not bite at the bait of pleasure till you know there is no hook beneath it.

The art of life is the art of avoiding pain; and he is the best pilot, who steers clearest of the rocks and shoals with which it is beset.

Never punish a girl for being a romp, but thank heaven, who has given her health and spirit to be one. 'Tis better than a distorted spine or hectic cheek. Little girls ought to be romps.

"Wisdom's Gate," is the name of a tavern in Hamer, Michigan.

A *lady* advertises for sale in a southern paper, one baboon, three tabby cats, and a parrot. She states that being married she has no further use for them.

Small evils make the worst part of great ones; it is much easier to endure misfortune than to bear an inconvenience.

Intemperance renders the body a sink of diseases; and the mind a cage for unclean thoughts and desires. Absolute necessaries are but few, and easily attainable; but of superfluities, a disordered mind knows no end.

"Mr. Shoemaker, I want you to mend these ere boots up for me nice—and 'spose you won't ax me mor'n half price." "Half price! why man, your boots can't be mended at all—they are too far gone." "O no they ar'nt—just put new legs and new feet on them, and I guess they'll do."

The editor of an Irish newspaper, speaking of some itinerant showman who performed in the market town says, "Of the deaf and dumb man who performed such wonderful feats I shall say nothing—I will allow him to *speak for himself.*"

"The preservation of liberty requires eternal vigilance," as the man said when he was dodging the officer.

There is a man in Vermont whose nose is so large that he can't blow but one ball at a time.

Facetious.—Persons who have visited New Bedford, cannot fail to remember the following sign.—*Gazette.*

"Heer Pine and Kake and Bier I sell,
Good Oysters stood & in the shel,
And frigh'd one tew for them that chews,
And with dispatch black butes and shews."

Let no man find fault with an editor for writing foolish things, for there are so many papers now-a-days that all the good sense there is in the world would not half fill them.

The editor of the N. H. Argus says it's no joke to wake up in the morning and find a million or so of musquitoes roosting on his proboscis. What's the length of his nose?

Perpetual Motion.—Some Yankee, in Cincinnati, has discovered the long-sought-for perpetual motion, and is exhibiting it in a room over the post office, (a very appropriate place) as we see by an advertisement in the Gazette. It is said that the *moving* power is *quick-silver.* The fellow has stolen the invention from the sub-treasurers. They long since made this important discovery, and always apply the *moving* power to themselves. All they have to do is to fill their pockets with it, and it immediately puts them in motion, and they disappear forever.—*Balt. Chronicle.*

Air is the medium of sound. This arises from its elasticity, for, if the air was not elastic, there would be no sound. If there were no air, the earth would be dark as night, cold as winter, and silent as the grave. By means of a musical snuff-box this latter proposition may be readily shown; for, upon putting it under the receiver of an air-pump, the sound will gradually die away as we exhaust the vessel, and return as we re-admit the air. The action of the lungs depends upon the pressure and the elasticity of the air.

It is interesting to notice how some minds seem to create themselves—springing up under every disadvantage, and working their solitary but restless way through a thousand channels. Nature seems to delight in disappointing the assiduities of art, with which it would rear up legitimate dullness to maturity, and to glory in the vigor, and luxuriance of her *chance productions.* She scatters the seeds of genius to the winds, and though some may perish among the stony places of the world, chocked by the thorns and brambles of early adversity, yet others will now and then strike roots even in the clefts of the rocks—struggle bravely up into sunshine, and spread over their sterile birth-place all the beauties of vegetation.

A church is more than a work of art; it is a symbol. It is a symbol of religion—a visible sign and setting forth of religious sentiment. Churches are the outward consecration of our cities, of our villages, of our country, of the world. They are visible tokens of the invisible. They lead the thoughts to the unseen and infinite. Their rising towers and pointed spires (alas how few in the city!) recognise a communion between heaven and earth. They are like the ladder which Jacob saw in vision, on which the angels of God were ascending and descending, and he who pauses beneath them in the sacred hours, to meditate and pray, is sometimes led to exclaim with the ancient patriarch, "how awful is this place! this is none other than the house of God; this is the gate of heaven!" What would a city or village be in appearance—even to the passing traveller, without churches! a city of habitations and warehouses, and houses of entertainment for the wayfaring man, and houses of pleasure for the gay; but without one structure to recognise the sense of devotion and of duty? Would not the very traveller hasten for his life from such a city of destruction?

A country village, in the fall and winter seasons, is the most delightful place to live in we can imagine.—Quilting parties, apple parings, husking parties, &c. afford lots of fun. As the evenings lengthen, there is more agreeable chit-chat to be enjoyed by a village fireside, than can be found in large cities; because there you become intimate with the whole town—here a person has frequently no acquaintance with his next door neighbor. The "old folks" furnish good company in the absence of younger companions—especially if they have plenty of apples, nuts and good cider. Sleigh rides in winter are not to be sneezed at. Country boys and girls are great on such sprees.

THE FAR WEST.

A correspondent of the New York American, writing from Utica, says—

Fifty years ago, the spot where Utica now stands was the end of the world, in this direction. In those days, John Jacob Astor and Peter Smith (father of Gerrit) travelled the ground from Schenectady to Utica on foot, purchasing furs from the Indian settlements on the route. The Indians aided them in carrying the furs back to Schenectady. Returning from their perilous adventure to "the Far West," they opened a little shop in New York city, and sold the skins at retail.—When their stock was exhausted, they again penetrated the lonely forests of "the frontier," and replenished their store. Astor continued the business for many years, but Smith commenced the purchase of land.—Summers went and came, and wave after wave of emigration rolled up the long defile of the Mohawk. Mark the change. Two years since, Smith died at Schenectady, leaving millions of acres to his heirs.—Astor still lives, one of the wealthiest untitled commoners in the world. Judge Smith lived to travel the route from Schenectady to Utica in four hours. And to-day, when the sun's evening rays shall hide from the undimmed eyes of John Jacob Astor behind the blue hills of Jersey, its vertical beams will be falling on the fur-traders of our new Utica. Thule, at the mouth of the Oregon. Bishop Berkeley never dreamed of such changes, when he penned the line,

"Westward the star of empire takes its way."

DOGS.

In Youatt's "Humanity to Brutes," is recorded the following anecdote of a Newfoundland dog:

"A vessel was driven on the beach of Lydd, in Kent. The surf was rolling furiously—eight poor fellows were crying for help—but not a boat could be got off to their assistance. At length a gentleman came to the beach, accompanied by his Newfoundland dog. He directed the attention of the animal to the vessel, and put a short stick into his mouth. The intelligent and courageous fellow at once understood his meaning, and sprang into the sea, and fought his way through the waves. He could not, however, get close enough to the vessel to deliver that with which he was charged; but the crew joyfully made fast a rope to another piece of wood, and threw it toward him.—He saw the whole business in an instant; he dropped his own piece of wood, and seized that which had been cast to him, and then with a degree of strength and determination almost incredible, he dragged it through the surf and delivered it to his master. A line of communication was thus formed, and every man on board was rescued from a watery grave."

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

The Mercantile Journal selects the following from the Foreign Review for April, 1839, as one of the finest passages in the whole range of English literature. The subject treated of is the benefit of printing.

"When Tamerlane had finished building his pyramids of seventy thousand human skulls, and was seen standing at the gate of Damascus, glittering with steel, with his battle-axe on his shoulder, till the fierce hosts filed to new victories and carnage, the pale on-looker might have fancied that nature was in her death throes—for havoc and despair had taken possession of the earth, and the sun of manhood seemed setting in seas of blood. Yet it might be on that very gala day of Tamerlane, a little boy was playing nine pins in the streets of Mentz, whose history was more important to them than twenty Tamerlanes!—The Tartar Khan with his shaggy demons of the wilderness passed away like the whirlwind, to be forgotten forever—and that German artisan has wrought a benefit, which is yet immeasurably expanding itself and will continue to expand through all countries and all time. What are the conquests and expeditions of the whole corporations of captains from Walter the Penniless to Napoleon Bonaparte, compared with the moveable types of Johannes Faust?"

A MEAL IN THE PRAIRIES.

As I trotted over the plain I began to feel the craving of hunger almost to a painful degree; which is not to be wondered at, as I had been twelve hours in hard exercise, without rest, and had eaten nothing on the preceding day. After riding a few miles, I saw a small herd of Buffaloes; upon giving chase, a young bull fell behind the rest, being so fat that he could not keep up with them. After running them a considerable distance, we came to a very narrow steep ravine; and, I saw the leaders cross directly up the opposite side. I knew that the fat gentleman would follow them so well as he was able. Accordingly I dismounted, examined my caps, and prepared for a comfortable shot. When all the rest had disappeared over the brow, he toiled lazily up the ascent.—As soon as he was exactly in the place where I wished him to be, and not more than forty yards off, I fired. He turned instantly, gave me a fierce look, and began to run straight toward me; but the ball had been too true; he required no second, and rolled dead in the ravine below. I now hobbled to my horse, took off my jacket, tucked up my sleeves, drew my knife, and prepared to make my coup d'essai, as a butcher. Previously to eating my savage and solitary meal, I looked around. There was not a human being in sight to assist me in turning over the body, which is bad work for two ordinary men, but impossible for one; so I was obliged to content myself with skinning only one side.

My knife was not very sharp, and those only who have seen and proved the skin of this monster can judge of the labor of the task. After an hour's unremitting work I succeeded and then went on to open the body. Without much difficulty I got at the liver and began to eat certainly more like a wolf, or an Indian, than a Christian man. After devouring several large morsels, I saw a hunter coming toward me at full speed. He had been unsuccessful, and was hungry. I was nearly choked with thirst, and as soon as he arrived made him signs, that if he would fetch me water, I would give him as much to eat as he chose. He nodded assent. We then took out the bladder of the Buffalo: I told him to wash it well, and bring it back full of clear water. He went off at a gallop, and, in about a quarter of an hour, came back having executed his commission. I cannot say that the water was quite crystal; but I never enjoyed a more delicious meal than this raw liver, and the water, such as it was. The Indian also showed me two or three other morsels which I found to be excellent, and strongly recommend to any gentleman who may ever find himself similarly situated, to break a bone, and suck marrow.—*Murray's Travels.*

SONNET.

Let not our lips pronounce the word Farewell
To those we cherish. If we needs must part,
On hope's illusions let the fancy dwell,
Nor deem that distance can divide the heart!
Though I should look through sorrow's dim eclipse,
Or print warm partings on the loved one's lips—
To speak the last sad word my tongue were dumb;
Or, if it syllabled my soul's emotion,
'Twould be to tell how pilgrim steps have come
To worship at the shrine of love's devotion!—
So be the language of despair unspoken,
By those whose hearts nor time, nor space can sever—
A fountain seal'd till hope be lost forever,
And only gushing when the heart is broken!

ADVICE TO HOUSEWIVES.

Those who make candles will find it a great improvement to steep the wicks in lime-water and saltpetre and dry them. The flame will be clear and the tallow will not "run."

Britannia ware should be first rubbed gently with a woollen cloth and sweet oil; then washed in warm suds and rubbed with soft leather and whiting. Thus treated, it will retain its beauty to the last.

New iron should be very gradually heated at first, after it has become inured to the heat, it is not as likely to crack.

It is a good plan to put new earthenware into cold water, and let it heat gradually until it boils—then cool again. Brown earthenware particularly may be toughened in this way. A handful of rye or wheat bran thrown in while it is boiling, will preserve the glazing, so that it will not be destroyed by acid or salt.

Clean a brass kettle before using it for cooking, with salt and vinegar.

The oftener carpets are shaken the longer they will wear; the dirt that collects under them grinds out the threads.

If you wish to preserve fine teeth, always clean them thoroughly after you have eaten your last meal at night.

Woollens should be washed in very hot suds, and not rinsed. Luke warm water shrinks them.

Do not wrap knives and forks in woollens. Wrap them in good strong paper. Steel is injured by lying in woollens.

Suet keeps good all the year round, if chopped and packed down in a stone jar, covered with molasses.

Barley straw is the best for beds; dry corn husks slit into shreds are better than straw.

Brass andirons should be cleaned, done up in papers, and put in a dry place during the summer.

When molasses is used in cooking, it is a prodigious improvement to boil and skim it before you use it. It takes out the unpleasant raw taste and makes it almost as good as sugar. Where molasses is used much for cooking, it is well to prepare one or two gallons in this way at a time.

Never allow ashes to be taken up in wood, or put into wood. Always have your tinder box and lamp ready for use in case of sudden alarm. Have important papers all together; where you can lay your hand on them at once, in case of fire.

Use hard soap to wash your clothes, and soft to wash your floors. Soft soap is so slippery that it wastes a good deal in washing clothes.

It is easy to have a supply of horse-radish all winter. Have a quantity grated while the root is in perfection, put it in bottles, fill it up with vinegar, and keep it corked tight.

Oriental Superstition on the origin of Tea.—Darma, a very religious Prince, and third son of an Indian King named Kosjusvo, is said to have landed in China in the year 510 of the Christian era. He employed all his care and thought to diffuse throughout the country a knowledge of God and religion; and being desirous to excite men by his example, imposed on himself privations and mortifications of every kind; living in the open air, and devoting the days and nights to prayer and contemplation. After several years, however, being worn out with fatigue, he fell asleep against his will; and that he might faithfully observe his oath, which he thought he had violated, he cut off his eyelids and threw them on the ground. Next day, having returned to the same spot, he found them changed into a shrub which the earth had never before produced. Having eaten some of the leaves of it, he found his spirits exhilarated, and his former vigor restored. He recommended this essence to his disciples and followers. The reputation of tea increased, and after that time it continued to be generally used.—Kæmpfer, in his *Amœnitates Exoticæ* gives the life with a portrait of this saint, so celebrated in China and Japan. There is seen at the feet of Darma a reed, which indicates that he had traversed the seas and rivers.

Mother wants to know as how if you'll lend her two sticks of wood?" "Yes, there are a couple of logs—but you did'nt return the last." "No—and I won't them 'ere without you split 'em."

CARMELITES.

The case of the Carmelite Nun Isabella, who has occasioned the recent excitement at Baltimore, has called to my mind a reminiscence of my youth. Some thirty-five years ago while a student, I spent a short vacation with a schoolmate, near Port Tobacco, in Maryland. While there, I was told that within a short distance of my young friend's residence, I would find a nunnery, which had been established for several years, and where its original founders, who had come from the English convent at Antwerp, still lived. Having read, though young, a great deal about nuns and nunneries in the romances of the day, I felt a strong curiosity to see a convent, and accordingly took a solitary stroll one morning through the neighboring woods, that my curiosity might be gratified. I found a plain wooden edifice, surrounded by cultivated fields, standing lonely and gloomily, and as if deserted by its former inmates. Every thing seemed to be still and dead around it. Nothing was heard but the sound of the grasshopper, and the occasional notes of the red bird and thrush. I was disappointed, for I expected to see a stone or brick edifice, "grand, gloomy, and peculiar"—beautiful faces peeping through the gratings of its windows—and the sound of the deep toned organ, and the melody of the female voice, wafted to my ear. It was an ordinary, barn-like structure, built of wood, and without any regard to architectural ornament. When I returned, I learnt its history. It had been established a few years after the independence of our country by its founders from Antwerp. The nuns lived wholly secluded from the world, and had many devotions and privations not used in other nunneries. This order was the oldest in the United States, and was the mendicant Carmelites of the reform of Teresa. The nuns about 40 in number, afterward, in 1831, finding the old edifice too ruinous and decayed to shelter them any longer, and having large farms and many slaves that they wished to get rid of, took their departure for Baltimore, where they established themselves in a convent previously prepared for them. The Nun Isabella is, I believe, the sister of the late Register of the Orphans' Court of Charles county. The founders of the convent near Port Tobacco died in 1827 '28, a few years prior to the removal of the nuns to Baltimore. This order took its rise from Mount Carmel, celebrated as the abode of the prophets Elijah and Elisha, and were the former, opposed with such success the false prophets of Baal and was translated to Heaven. This mountain is in Palestine, and on the southern frontier of Galilee. It was held, at a very early age, by both Jews and Christians, in great veneration. The cave which was inhabited by the prophet Elias is still to be seen in it, and the ruins of monasteries and churches are spread over different parts of it. Christian hermits have chosen Mount Carmel from the 4th century as their dwelling, and in the 12th century as an association, under the direction of Berthold of Calabria, was established for the purpose of leading a secluded life. This was the origin of the Order of our Lady of Mount Carmel. The Carmelites came into England in 1240, and erected a great number of monasteries. In the 16th century they divided into two branches—the Carmelites of the ancient observance, and the Carmelites of the strict observance, or barefooted Carmelites. This order has always been eminent for its missions and great number of saints. Its members received from several of the popes the title of Brothers of the Blessed Virgin!

Creole.—A Southern correspondent of the Madisonian thus defines the word "Creole."

"I used the word 'Creole' in my last letter when speaking of a Southern lady. Many persons, including even some lexicographers, are under a misapprehension as to the meaning of the word. I have no doubt some were quite shocked to hear a 'Creole' called a 'lady.' A professed Johnsonian dictionary constituting a part of the 'Treasury of Knowledge,' published in New York, defines 'Creole,' the 'offspring of black and white parents in the West Indies' and this is the common understanding of the word in the North. But with great deference to the American lexicographer and 'Democracy of numbers,' I must take the liberty of alleging this to be a very great mistake. 'Creole' happens to be a French word meaning 'descendant of an European born in America.' A large part of the population of Louisiana being of French descent, this word is generally used in the South as descriptive of that class of our citizens. The word 'mulatto' is used to describe the 'offspring of black and white parents.'"

From Fraser's Magazine.

OVERTURE.—A Musico-Graphical Ode.

The leader now takes his seat—takes his seat;
As signal, then, taps his bow—taps his bow!
In one long swell now they meet—now they meet;
In one loud crash now they go—now they go!
They're going, and they're going; O list now, only mind 'em;
They're going, as a devil were a-coming up behind 'em.
The fiddlers seem determined that the trumpets shall not stop them;
It is plain, sir, 'tis in vain, sir, for any one to stop them.
When, list! a cadence—gentle—low;
A movement—melancholy—slow;
Sad pathos falls upon the ear,
Like a moaning wind—now far, now near;
Till joyous passion burst again
Like the sweeping breeze o'er the gladdened main;
And music's tide rolls o'er the strand,
To wake the echoes of the land!
Once more it ebbs in gentle notes,
A dying sound through ether floats;
And now—a pause—a silence deep,
(You'd think the fiddlers were asleep;)
When, hark! they wake—they mount—they swell,
And at it rush again pell-mell,
Like greedy fox-hounds through the dell,
Or o'er the open heath!
Up hill, down dale, through wood and plain,
They fly, and double back again;
And though they run the *fox* in vain,
Themselves run out of breath!

AIR.

Now like oil o'er water thrown,
Solo flute, in gentlest tone,
Stills the brazen trumpet's cry
With its silvery melody.

SYMPHONY.

Anon in tones delighting,
All instruments uniting.

AIR REPEATED.

Again in full orchestra chorus,
Comes the air more loudly o'er us!
O, now, is it not most charming?
Charming—charming—charming—charming!
Oh, now, *is it not* most charming!
Once more a strain mysterious comes—
A pause—a note—a roll of drums!
They join again! 'twas but the call
To muster quick the fiddlers all!
Oh, bravo bravo! *encore* all!
Never did you hear *a tale;*
Lo! they reach the grand *finale,*
Soon 'twill all be done:
Now they go like pelting racers—
Quicker, quicker! cut away, sirs!
Bravo, bravo, bravo, every one!
Louder, louder! Drummers thump it!
Quicker louder, split your trumpet!
Going, going, going, going;
Going, going, going, going—gone!

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

An old fellow, whose name we veil under that of Hunks, died in the adjacent town of Charlestown last week, who would have been a capital subject for Dickens, and might have sat to Scott for his inimitable character of Trapbois in the Fortunes of Nigel. He was a miserly, close-fisted old Hunks, a real skinflint, who, it was supposed by his neighbors, had scraped together, as such characters will, in one way and another, a considerable amount of money. This was not known, however. Some said that he had money concealed in the earth—others, judging from the slovenly manner in which he lived and dressed, that he had nothing but the few acres which he cultivated. He lived like the poorest, shutting his door upon every intruder, till at last Death knocked, and he was obliged to open. During his sickness he was wont to send daily for a small purse of silver and gold, hid in the wall of his cellar, which he would count over with that feeling of painful delight which inhabits the bosom of the true miser alone. Disease, however, wore down his frame rapidly, and at last he was unequal to the task of going through his daily custom of counting the pieces in his purse, and could only, as they were displayed before him, pat them softly with his hands, as a lady pats her favorite dog on the back. One day during the last stages of his disease, he sent for a neighbor, and expressed a wish to impart a secret to him.—"Go down in the cellar (said he) and in the farther corner you will find a tub. Raise it, and you will see a shingle, beneath which is a box." The individual followed the directions, and found a box of specie. "Now go to another corner," said the miser, describing the place. Another box was found embedded in the earth. A day or two after, when he found he must soon leave all his earthly treasures, he desired to be raised up in his bed. His request was granted, when he immediately reached out his skinny hand beneath his pillow, and lo! another box was found cunningly concealed, containing about five hundred dollars in French gold pieces, which it is understood he took from one of the banks about the time of the suspension of specie payments. All these buried treasures were given in the keeping of his neighbor for the benefit of others. He said there was one other box, but that he did'nt like to tell where it was, as he might want it himself. He, however, consented to write the place of interment on a piece of paper, so that the secret might not perish with him. He died soon after, and his hidden treasures—no inconsiderable sum—were counted over at the close of the funeral ceremonies.

Thus died, at an advanced age, one whose only aspiration, through a long life, seems to have been the hoarding of specie and burying it, where it could be of no earthly benefit to any one—a perfect miser—a lover of money, not for the blessings which it might impart and diffuse around him, but for its own sake—not for the name of possessing it—for he feigned and was thought to be poor—but because the mere habit of acquisition had become a passion, and the bare consciousness of possession was a pleasure—a phantom of delight, which he could hug with rapture to his bosom. Well will it be for such, if they have laid up treasures in Heaven as well as on earth. But we will not sermonize—the lesson conveyed by the sketch, is left with the reader.—*Claremont, (N. H.) Eagle.*

"A little more strength in your tea and not so much in your butter," as the lady boarder said to her landlady.

From the Gift for 1840.

THE VILLAGER'S WINTER EVENING SONG.

BY JAMES T. FIELDS.

Not a leaf on the tree, not a bud in the hollow,
Where late swung the blue-bell and blossomed the rose;
And hushed is the cry of the chirping young swallow
That perched on the hand in twilight's dim close.
Gone, gone are the cowslip and sweet-scented brier
That bloomed o'er the hillock and gladdened the vale;
And the vine that uplifted its green-pointed spire
Hangs drooping and sere on the frost-covered pale.
And hark to the gush of the deep-welling fountain
That pearled and shone in the light of the moon;
Soon, soon shall its rushing be still on the mountain,
And locked up in silence its merriment tone.
Then heap up the hearth-stone with dry forest branches,
And gather about me, my children, in glee;
For cold on the upland the stormy wind launches,
And dear is the home of my loved ones to me!

Wolf Scalps—A Shrewd Speculation.—The Nashville Banner says, "by an old law of this state a premium of $3,50 is paid out of the state treasury for every wolf scalp, taken over a certain age, say six months. The Hamilton Gazette relates an anecdote under the pregnant caption of *Tennessee Yankeeism,* of a man in the upper end of that county, who wished to do 'the state some service,' caught a couple of old wolves, took them home, and in the course of a year, has reared a brood of three law offenders, which he executes from time to time, as they reach the proper age, receiving for their scalps the premium in such cases made and provided! We agree with our brother of the Gazette, that this fellow is 'all sorts of a Yankee' and may be safely matched against the shrewdest nutmeg vender in all Connecticut."

EXTRAORDINARY TRIAL AT PARIS.

A suit between M. de Pontalba and his wife, lately pending in one of the French courts, is thus sketched in the Moniteur:—"M. de Pontalba is one of the greatest proprietors of France. His son had been a page of Napoleon, and afterward a distinguished officer, aid-de-camp to Marshal Ney, and a protege of the Duke of Elchingen. He married the daughter of Madame d'Almonaster, and for some time they lived happily; but on the death of her mother, Madame de Pontalba began to indulge in such extravagance that even the enormous fortune of the Pontalbas was unequal to it.

This led to some remonstrance on the part of the husband; on the morning after this she disappeared from the hotel, and neither he nor her children had any clue of her retreat. At last, after an interval of some months, arrives a letter from New Orleans, in which she announces that she means to apply for a divorce: but for eighteen months nothing was heard of her except by her drafts for money. At last she returned, but only to afflict her family. Her son was at the military academy at St. Cyr—she induced him to elope, and the boy was plunged in every species of debauchery and expense.

This afflicted in the deepest manner the grandfather, who revoked the bequest which he had made him of about 4000*l.* a year, and seemed to apprehend for him nothing but future ruin and disgrace. The old man, eighty-two years of age, resided in his chateau at Mont Leveque, whither in October, 1834, Madame de Pontalba went to attempt a reconciliation with the wealthy senior. Then and there occurred the most extraordinary and unaccountable scene that, though we have read one hundred French novels, we have ever met with.

On the 12th of October, the day after Madame de Pontalba's arrival, she found she could make no impression on her father-in-law, and was about to return to Paris, when old M. de Pontalba, at the age of eighty-two, observing a moment when she was alone in her department, entered it with a brace of double barrelled pistols, locks the door, and approaching his astonished daughter-in-law, desires her "to recommend herself to God, for that she had but a few minutes to live;" but does not even allow her one minute—he fires immediately, and two balls enter her left breast. She starts up and flies, her blood streaming about, to a closet, exclaiming that she will submit to any terms, if he will spare her. "No, no—you must die!"—and he fires his second pistol.

She had instinctively covered her heart with her hand—that hand is miserably fractured by the balls; but saved her heart. She then escapes to another closet, where a third shot is fired without effect—and at last she rushes in despair to the door—and while M. de Pontalba is discharging his last barrel at her, she succeeds in opening it. The family, alarmed by the firing, arrive, and she is saved. The old man, on seeing that she is beyond his reach, returns to his apartments and blows out his brains.

It seems clear that he had resolved to make a sacrifice of the short remnant of his own life, in order to release his son and his grandson from their unfortunate connexion with Madame de Pontalba. But he failed—none of her wounds were mortal; and within a month after, Madame de Pontalba, "perfectly recovered, in high health and spirits, radiant and crowned with flowers, was to be seen at all the fetes and concerts of the capital."

In the meantime a suit for restitution of conjugal rights was pending between her and her husband; and toward the end of last October a final decree of the Court enjoined that Madame de Pontalba should return under martial authority, and should reside in such of her husband's houses, as he should appoint—excepting only—with admirable delicacy—the Chateau de Mont Leveque, where the bloody scene had been acted.

AMERICAN FASHION.

The Virginia Springs.—There is a sort of major-domo here who regulates every department: his word is law, and his fiat immoveable, and he presumes not a little upon his power; a circumstance not to be surprised at, as he is much courted and is as despotic as all the lady patronesses of Almack's rolled into one. He is called the Meternich of the mountains. No one is allowed accommodations at these Springs who is not known, and, generally speaking, only those families who travel in their private carriages. It is at this place that you feel how excessively aristocratical and exclusive the Americans would be, and indeed will be, in spite of their institutions. Spa, in its palmiest days, when princes had to sleep in their carriages at the doors of the hotels, was not more in vogue than are these Sulphur Springs with the *élite* of the United States; and it is here, and here only, in the States, that you do meet with what may be fairly considered as select society, for at Washington there is a great mixture. Of course all the celebrated belles of the different States are to be met with here, as well as all the large fortunes; nor is there a scarcity of pretty and wealthy widows. The President, Mrs. Caton, the mother of Lady Wellesley, Lady Stafford, and Lady Carmarthen, the daughter of Carroll of Carrollton, one of the real aristocracy of America, and a signer of the declaration of Independence, and all the first old Virginia and Carolina families, many of them descendents of the old cavaliers, were at the Springs when I arrived there; and I certainly must say that I never was at any watering-place in England where the company was so good and so select as at the Virginia Springs in America.—*Capt. Marryat's Diary in America.*

Sir Thomas Browne has the following rich passage, in his "Urn Burial," the finest production of the old English prose writers. We wish that some of our publishers would give us a complete edition of the works of the medical knight of Norwich.

"Who knows whether the best of men be known, or whether there be not more remarkable persons forgot than any that stand remembered in the known account of them? Without the favor of the everlasting register the first man had been as unknown as the last, and Methuselah's long life had been his only chronicle. Oblivion is not to be hired. The greatest part must be content to be as though they had not been to be found in the register of God, not in the records of men. Twenty-seven names make up the first story before the flood: and the recorded names ever since contain not one living century. The number of the dead long exceedeth all that shall live. The night of time surpasseth the day, and who knows when was the equinox? Every hour adds unto the current arithmetic, which scarce stands one moment.—And since death must be the Lucina of life, and even Pagans could doubt whether thus to live were to die—since our strongest sun sets at right descensions, and makes but winter arches, and therefore it cannot be long before we lie down in darkness and have our light in ashes—since the brother of death daily haunts us with dying mementos, and time, that grows old in itself, bids us hope no long duration—diuturnity is a dream, and folly of expectation. Darkness and light divide the course of time, and oblivion shares with memory a great part even of our living beings—we slightly remember our felicities, and the smartest strokes of affliction leave but short smart upon us. Sense endureth no extremities, and sorrows destroy themselves. To weep into stones are fables. Afflictions induce callosities—miseries are slippery, or fall like snow upon us, which notwithstanding is no unhappy stupidity. To be ignorant of evils to come, and forgetful of evils past, is a merciful provision of nature, whereby we digest the mixture of our few and evil days, and our delivered senses not relapsing into cutting remembrances, our sorrows are not kept raw by the edge of repetitions. A great part of antiquity contented their hopes of subsistency with a transmigration of their souls—a good way to continue their memories, while, having the advantage of plural successions, they could not but act something remarkable in such variety of being, and enjoying the fame of their passed selves, make accumulation of glory unto their last duration. Others, rather than be lost in the uncomfortable night of nothing, were content to recede into the common being, and make one particle of the public soul of all things, which was no more than to return into their unknown and divine original again. Egyptian ingenuity was more unsatisfied, contriving their bodies in sweet consistencies to attend the return of their souls. But all was vanity, feeding the wind, and folly. The Egyptian mummies, which Cambyses or time hath spared, avarice now consumeth. Mummy is become merchandise. Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams. * * * There is nothing strictly immortal but immortality. Whatever hath no beginning may be confident of no end, which is the peculiar of that necessary essence that cannot destroy itself, and the highest strain of omnipotency to be so powerfully constituted as not to suffer even from the power of itself—all others have a dependent being, and within the reach of destruction. But the sufficiency of Christian immortality frustrates all earthly glory, and the quality of either state after death makes a folly of posthumous memory. God, who can only destroy our souls, and hath assured our resurrection, either of our bodies or our names hath directly promised no duration. Wherein there is so much of chance that the boldest expectants have found unhappy frustration, and to hold long subsistence seems but a scape into oblivion. But man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave, solemnising nativities and deaths with equal lustre, nor omitting ceremonies of bravery in the infamy of his nature."

THE LOST SISTER.

VALLEY OF WYOMING.

After the battle and massacre, described in my last, most of the settlers fled. But here and there a few stragglers returned from the mountains or wilderness, and in the course of three or four months other cabins were going up over the ashes of their former homes and quite a little neighborhood was collected. But the Indians kept prowling around on the mountains, now descending here and now there, killing this family, scalping that, or making it captive. At a little distance from the present Court House of Wilkesbarre, lived a family by the name of Slocum, upon whom the visitations of the Indians' cruelties were awfully severe. The men were one day away in the fields, and in an instant the house was surrounded by Indians. There were in it, the mother, a daughter of about nine years of age, a son aged thirteen, another daughter aged five, and a little boy aged two and a half. A young man and a boy named Kingsley, were present grinding a knife. The first thing the Indians did was to shoot down the young man and scalp him with the knife he had in his hand. The nine year old sister took the little boy two-years-and-a-half-old, and ran out of the door to get back to the fort. The Indians chased her just enough to see her fright; and to have a hearty laugh as she ran and clung to and lifted her chubby little brother. They then took the Kingsley boy and young Slocum, aged thirteen, and little Frances aged five, and prepared to depart. But finding young Slocum lame, at the entreaties of the mother they set him down and left him. Their captives were then young Kingsley and the little girl. The mother's heart swelled unutterably, and for years she could not describe the scene without tears. She saw an Indian throw her child over his shoulder, and as her hair fell over her face, with one hand she brushed it aside, while the tears dropped from her distended eye, and stretching out her other hand toward her mother, she called for her aid. The Indian turned into the bushes, and this was the last seen of little Frances. This image, probably, was carried by the mother to the grave. About a month after this they came again, and with the most awful cruelties, murdered the aged grand-father, and shot a ball in the leg of the lame boy. This he carried with him in his leg for nearly sixty years, to his grave. The last child was born a few months after these tragedies! What were the conversations, what were the conjectures, what were the hopes and the fears respecting the fate of little Frances, I will not attempt to describe, probably the children saw that in all after life, the heart of the stricken mother was yearning for the little one whose fate was uncertain, and whose face she could never see again.

As the boys grew up and became men they were very anxious to know the fate of their fair haired sister. They wrote letters they sent inquiries, they made journeys through all the west and into the Canadas, if peradventure they might learn any thing respecting her fate. Four of these long journeys were made in vain. A silence deep as that of the deepest forest through which they wandered hung over her fate, and that for sixty years.

My reader will now pass over fifty eight years from the time of this captivity, and suppose himself far in the wilderness, in the farthest part of Indiana. A very respectable agent of the U. States is travelling there, and weary and belated, with a tired horse, he stops at an Indian wigwam for the night. He can speak the Indian language. The family are rich, for Indians have horses and skins in abundance. In the course of the evening he notices that the hair of the woman is light, and her skin under her dress is also white. She told him she was a white child, but had been carried away when a very little girl. She could only remember that her name was Slocum, that she lived in a little house on the banks of the Susquehanna, and how many there were in her father's family, and the order of their ages! but the name of the town she could not remember. On reaching his home the agent mentioned this story to his mother, she urged and pressed him to write and print the account. Accordingly he wrote and sent it to Lancaster to be published. By some, to me unaccountable blunder, it lay in the office two years before it was printed. But last year it was published. In a few days it fell into the hands of Mr. Slocum, of Wilkesbarre, who was the little two-and-a-half year old boy, when Frances was taken. In a few days he was off to seek his sister, taking with him his oldest sister, (the one who aided him to escape) and writing to a brother who now lives in Ohio, and who I believe was born after the captivity, to meet him and go with him.

The two brothers and sister are now (1838) on their way to see little Frances, just *sixty years* after her captivity. After travelling more than three hundred miles through the wilderness, they reached the Indian country, the home of the Miami Indian. Nine miles from the nearest white, they find the little wigwam. "I shall know my sister," said the civilised sister, "because she lost the nail of her first finger. You, brother, hammered it off in the blacksmith shop when she was four years old." They go into the cabin and find an Indian woman having the appearance of seventy-five. She is painted and jewelled off, and dressed like the Indians in all respects. Nothing but her hair and covered skin, would indicate her origin. They get an interpreter and begin to converse. She tells them where she was born, her name, &c. with the order of her father's family. "How came your nail gone?" said the oldest sister. "My older brother pounded it off when I was a little child in the shop!" In a word, they were satisfied that this was Frances, their long-lost sister! They asked her what her Christian name was. She could not remember. Was it *Frances?* She smiled and said "yes." It was the first time she had heard it pronounced for sixty years! Here, then, they were met—two brothers and two sisters. They were all satisfied that they were brothers and sisters. But what a contrast! The brothers were walking the cabin unable to speak; the oldest sister was weeping, but the poor Indian sister sat motionless and passionless—as indifferent as a spectator. There was no throbbing, no fine chords in her bosom to be touched.

When Mr. Slocum was giving me this history, I said to him, "but could she not speak English?" "Not a word." "Did she know her age?" "No—had no idea of it." "But was she entirely ignorant?" "Sir, she did'nt know when Sunday comes!" This was indeed the consummation of ignorance in a descendant of the Puritans!

But what a picture for a painter would the inside of that cabin have afforded! Here the children of civilisation, respectable, temperate, intelligent and wealthy, able to overcome mountains to recover their sister. There was the child of the forest, not able to tell the day of the week, whose views and feelings were all confined to that cabin. Her whole history might be told in a word. She lived with the Delawares who carried her off till grown up, and then married a Delaware. He either died or ran away, and she then married a Miami Indian, a Chief as I believe. She had two daughters, both of whom are married and live in all the glory of an Indian cabin, deer skin clothes, and cow skin head dresses. Not one of the family can speak a word of English. They have horses in abundance, and when the Indian sister wanted to accompany her new relatives, she whipped out, bridled her horse, and then *a la Turk,* mounted astride and was off. At night she could throw a blanket around her, down upon the floor, and at once be asleep.

The brothers and sister tried to persuade their lost sister to return with them, and if she desired it, to bring her children. They would transplant her again on the banks of the Susquehanna, and of their wealth make her home happy. But no. She had always lived with the Indians—they had always been kind to her, and she had promised her late husband on his death-bed, that she would never leave the Indians. And there they left her and hers, wild and darkened heathens, though they sprung from a pious race. You can hardly imagine how much this brother is interested for her. He says he intends this autumn to go again that long journey to see his tawny sister—to carry her some presents, and perhaps will go and petition Congress that if ever these Miamis are driven off, there may be a tract of land reserved for his sister and her descendants. His heart yearns with an indescribable tenderness for the helpless one, who sixty-one years ago, was torn from the arms of her mother. Mysterious Providence! How wonderful the tie which can thus bind a family together with a chain so strong that nothing can break its links!

I will only add, that nothing has ever been heard of the boy Kingsley. The probability certainly is, that he is not living. This account, hastily and imperfectly given, I had from the lips of Mr. Slocum, the brother, and the same who was two-and-a-half years old when little Frances was carried away. I believe I have altered nothing, though I have omitted enough to make the good part of an interesting volume.—*North American.*

BYBERRY INSTITUTE,

And Private Boarding School for Boys.

THIS Seminary is situated in a beautiful neighborhood, celebrated alike for the salubrity of its air, and the morality and intelligence of its inhabitants—fifteen miles N N E of Philadelphia, one quarter of a mile from Byberry Meeting House, communicating with the city tri-weekly by mail.

Twelve boarding students can be accommodated, and these, with a small and limited number of day scholars, will receive the undivided attention of the subscriber.

This institution is designed to furnish thorough instruction in the most branches of learning essential to business as well as to afford opportunity for extended study to those desirous of completing a liberal Mathematical and Classical Education.

The course of study embraces, in addition to the usual elementary branches the various departments of Mathematics, including Civil Engineering, Surveying, with practice in the field, Spherics, Astronomy, Conic Sections, Fluxions, &c. &c. &c. Natural History—as Mineralogy, Geology, Botany, &c. &c. the latter practically taught during the season by analysis of the living flower, each student being required to prepare a Herbarium.

The school has access to a large collection in Natural History, Chemistry, and Natural Philosophy, occasionally illustrated in a course of Lectures, aided by ample apparatus.

The government is strictly parental, mild though firm and the sole resource of the principal with his pupils is mild and affectionate, seeking, to rule, rather by motives addressed to their better feelings, than by appeals to their physical sensibilities.

Application for admission can be made to Dr J. Pancoast, No. 140 Green street, Philadelphia, or to the principal by mail.

The duties of the school will be suspended on, and after the 26th inst. until the first of 10th month next; at which time the fall and winter term of six months, will commence.

TERMS—For tuition, board, lodging, washing, fuel, &c. per quarter of twelve weeks, $30, payable in advance. No extra charges except for books, and those at the usual prices. JOHN G. LEWIS, Principal.

Byberry, 8th mo. 14 1839.

REFERENCES.

IN BYBERRY—James Thornton, Cyrus Pearce, Joshua Gilbert, Samuel Kirk, Jesse James.

IN PHILADELPHIA—Isaiac Evans, No. 73 Race street; Joseph Stulz, No. 12 Vine street; Dr. James L. Pierce, No. 141 Green street.

IN NEW YORK—James Iddings, U S. Bank, David J. Griscom.

IN WILMINGTON, Del—Abram Alderdice.

IN NASHVILLE, Tenn—Elijah Lewis.

IN NEW ORLEANS—Seventy [illegible]. sep 11—6t*

LAST NOTICE.

JOSEPH HAMPTON'S ESTATE. All persons indebted to, and all persons having claims or demands against the estate of Joseph Hampton, late of Tredyffrin township, Chester county, deceased, are hereby notified to present them, with at delay, for settlement and payment to THOMAS ERVIN,

Residing in Easttown township, Chester county, Pa. Attorney in fact for Thomas Hampton, Administrator of the said Joseph Hampton deceased. sep 28—6t*

Joseph Swartz's

CARPET MANUFACTORY,

NO. 3'8 North Third Street, next door to the Commissioners' Hall, Philadelphia. Where fashionable CARPETS are wove of different Patterns, in the handsomest style. Also, Venetian Carpets wove and for sale. He also keeps on hand a large assortment of ready made Carpets, which he will sell, who[lesale] and retail at the most reasonable prices. These carpets can be recommended to all parts of the United States.

N. B.—The advertiser has received a Silver Medal from the Franklin Institute, for Manufacturing Carpeting of superior quality. oct 5—6m

WARD vs. MAHAN.

IT is not my purpose to descend so low as to bandy epithets with the vulgar, nor to deal in slang for slang with Francis Mahan. I will, however, merely quote some of his elegant language, as applied to me in the Evening Post, of the 5th instant, believing as I do, that all who know me cannot be imposed upon to my injury by such malicious abuse from any quarter, and much less from so ungrateful a person as that of Francis Mahan, whose scurrility has been so freely and so unjustly bestowed upon one who has befriended and aided him oft times, when in need, who gave him shelter, rest free, and lifted his notes for him as they fell due in Bank, when he could not pay them nor take them up, and more loans for his necessities, which he ungratefully puts me at defiance to collect, and having entrusted him with the privilege to sell my eye ease on commission, has failed to render me a full account of the amount of sales.—Wherefore I revoked his authority on account of his delinquency and he now strives to sink his bone below, and to justify his conduct by such publications as the following:

"ALLEN WARD, again, craven like, flies to another subterfuge, after denying in terms most positive, that the Judge of the U. S. Court had placed the parties, i. e. Mahan and Ward on an equal footing, before him when the precise words are quoted in an extract of the decision, he is fain to eat his own words, or basely crawl off with a pitiful and beggarly—'*except as regards &c.*'"

"Mahan lays no claim, nor has he any desire to be placed upon an equal footing with Ward in any other than a legal relationship; and he thinks his stars that Judge H. possessed neither the will or the power to in[flict] upon him such a degradation."

The above example of ingratitude may serve as a caution to others not to trust a supposed friend too far before trying and proving him for real as well there are two kinds of people in the world.

Before I close I would refer the critic whom I presume, Mr M. has procured a fee for his trouble in reviewing my hasty lines of poetry, to the first and second volumes of Dryden's Virgil, where he may find the same kind of food for his criticism. See page 416, vol 1st, where Bound is made to rhyme with Unbound, here our critic may perceive, are the two words Right and Copy-right; and Bound and Unbound sounds to him alike. See also vol. 2d, page 62 and 67, which reads as follows.

See great Marcellus! how untired in toil's,
He moves with manly grace, how rich with regal spoils.
He when his country threatened with alarms,
Requires his courage, and his conquering arms.

Here again our critic may suppose that Arms and Arms sound very much alike. Nevertheless, the poets our can appreciate the music by the proper connexion of the words, as in Right and Copyright. Steele also gives us the word light to rhyme with delight. Our critic exclaims bless us how he fiatts it, to though the repetition of a word in poetry was unpardonable and without authority. What says the celebrated Fawcett by way of repetition, hear him as follows:

His full can shall yield us
Abundant supplies,
His power shall shield us
When dangers arise;
As a shield supply us,
And silence our fears,
For nothing can hurt us
While Jesus is near.

Our critic would here exclaim, bless us how he saw it. I will now refer to Newton, whose poetry has heretofore stood the test of criticism, but our reviewer will criticise, bless us how he mars it, hear Newton—

And can he have taught me,
To trust in his name,
And thus far have brought me
To put me to shame.

Does not me and me sound very much alike in the above quotation? But who can help admiring the beauty of the sentiment. Many other authorities could be given to show that the repetition of the same word is no sin to poetry, and to conclude, if me and me in Newton's may ne be right as Ward's own copyright will rhyme with right. And if our critic cannot so perceive it, one thing is certain, that others can.

The phrase Literary Tailoring seems to have raised the risibilities of our reviewer. But I am content with the old maxim, let those laugh who lose, those who win will laugh. It may, however, gratify the curiosity of our critic, who cannot see how Literature and Tailoring are in any wise connected, to inform him that the object of his scorn has so connected Literature with his art of Tailoring as to yield him a greater revenue from his Literary Essays on Tailoring, than any other author or writer on books could ever boast of, and this is something to say these hard times in favor of American encouragement of Literature. He believes also that he has secured more copyrights than any other author who answer. And though last, but not the least of his self-approving gratifications are that he has by the combination of his art, with Science and Philosophy, been the means of raising his once degraded trade of a tailor, to a respectable standing among the other mechanical branches. Tailoring is now a scientific business, and the fin shed scholar should not be without a knowledge of the laws of precision, which his system of drafting alone can impart.

The following are the lines of poetry which our critic would wish to obliterate, not forsooth on the account of bad poetry, but on account of the stab sore truths which they contain:

Mahan pretends to claim in his own right,
An equal footing in Ward's Copy-right,
The shoe won't fit, the cloven foot is seen
Too small to suit quite Ward's shoes to enter in.
Ward firm upon his feet, in his own shoes,
Compare o'er will meet and them oppose;
No clerer foot shall in his track find place,
Nor plagiarist Ward's Copy-right disgrace.

Now it is a conceded point with our readers generally, that if the above lines do not rhyme or jingle in verse, they do in point of truth, and that is enough for our show as ALLEN WARD.

P. S.—Our subscribers may expect, within a few days, to receive the Autumn Report of the genuine Fall and Winter Fashions, a part have already been received by us from Europe, and as soon as the latest style, in full, shall come to hand, we will lose no time in drafting and having the work. An elegant large Picture Plate of new Fashions is now in press, which will accompany the present number of the work to which daily additions of new subscribers are received, by forwarding ten dollars, by mail, subject to the risk of the publishers, if addressed to

A & A. F. WARD, BASFORD & CO. Phila.

o 12—tf

The West Chester Young Ladies Seminary,

In West Chester, Pennsylvania.

DR. J. W. COOK, Principal. The third educational term in this Institution will commence on the 1st day of November next. The course of instruction in this Seminary will continue as heretofore, and is believed to be unsurpassed by that in any other in the country, embracing, as it does, all the branches of a useful and highly ornamental education. The teachers associated with the Principal stand pre-eminent in their profession.

In addition to the high literary and scientific character of the school, and its rules of discipline and order, the great accommodation in the extensive building to the comfort of the pupils affording them private apartments—the extensive pleasure grounds attached—the beauty, fertility and salubrity of the surrounding country—and the virtue and intelligence of the inhabitants of the borough in which it is situate, mark it out as most worthy of the confidence and support of parents and guardians.

Application for admission should be made early. Persons wishing to enter pupils are invited to visit the Seminary. Any information may be obtained by addressing the Principal. Terms as heretofore. sep 14—tf

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.

THE large and spacious Five Story Building, No 36 CARTER'S ALLEY, in which the Saturday Evening Post is printed at present, is now offered FOR SALE, on advantageous TERMS. It is situated in the CENTRE OF BUSINESS, within a stone's throw of the MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE Dock and Third streets. It could easily be adapted to a Manufactory or Tavern.

The Building is about THIRTY FIVE feet front, by FORTY feet deep—the walls are strongly built—a STEAM ENGINE is in the cellar, which would be sold with the building if required.

Capitalists and Manufacturers are invited to look at it as a valuable investment.

For particulars, apply at this office. jy 6—tf

JUST PUBLISHED.

Pocket Æsculapius, or every one his own Physician:

BEING practical observations on diseases of the Generative System, with a concise Anatomical Review of its Organs, and a Physiological account of these functions, together with remarks on the more probable causes of local and general debility, with many important observations and some discovering in a most extensive practice. To which is added,

A Practical Treatise on Diseases of the Skin, by William Young, M. D. member of the Philadelphia Medical Society, &c. &c. published by the Author, and sold at No 32 South Fourth street, Philadelphia, and Booksellers generally.

"This highly important Treatise is replete with practical and scientific information; we can conscientiously recommend its earnest perusal to those who suffer from the maladies on which it treats. Such a work as Doctor Young's has long been a desideratum, with a numerous class of patients, to whom his easy and popular style will not fail to recommend itself, and we venture to predict that the very judicious and well timed Surgical Essay will ere long become a manual in the hands of the afflicted."—*Reporter.*

A comprehensive exposition of the nature and treatment of all diseases of the generative system, whether the result of contagion, hereditary causes, or the wear and tear of human life, from the simplest ordinary disturbance to the severe state of local debility and irritation, whereby the invalid may conduct his case, without the knowledge of his most intimate friend.

MARRIAGE.

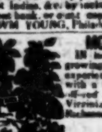
ALSO BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

ON MARRIAGE—Its intent, obligations, and Physical and constitutional disqualifications, Medically considered, with an Exposition of the Structure and purposes of the Reproductive System, the hereditary transmission of qualities, and the accidents and infirmities incident to Youth, Maturity and Old Age.

The subjects are illustrated by a variety of highly interesting cases and engravings.

☞ Persons at a distance can have either of these publications, sent to any part of the United States, Canadas, West Indies, &c. by enclosing a one dollar note or any current bank, or coins, [illegible] for five dollars, addressed to, WM YOUNG, Philadelphia. au 31—1y

MORUS MULTICAULIS.



IN lots of one to fifty thousand, growing in the State of Virginia, by experienced hands, on the best soil with a variety of silk-worm eggs, are offered for sale at the office of the Virginia Silk Agency, Main street, Richmond, by

J. H. D. LOWNES,
Agent for the Planters.

All communications must be post paid. jy 13—3mo*

VALUABLE PROPERTY

For Sale or Exchange.

THE old regular stand at PRIVATE SALE or in *Exchange for other Property,* his store house, &c. opposite the toll-house, on the Lancaster Turnpike. There is erected on the property, a large stone house, 27 by 46 feet, finished in a superior manner to any in the county—also a good dwelling house and other necessary buildings. The Columbia Rail-road passes through the property, as well as several public roads, which render it a desirable place for most kinds of business. It is within one mile of the Great Valley, one of the most respectable and delightful parts of Chester county.

Persons desirous of purchasing or viewing the property will please call on the subscriber, residing near the Red Lion hotel in Delaware county 11 miles south of Stateville.

If not sold by the 1st of December it will be rented.

E. BEAUMONT.

Radnor Del county, Oct. 5, 1839. oct 5—3t

DAVID SMITH, MERCHANT,

WATER Street, Paducah, Kentucky—Has constantly on hand a choice assortment of *New Goods,* such as *Hardware, Dry Goods, Clothing, Groceries, Queens ware,* &c. suitable for the supply of STEAMBOATS, TRAVELLERS, &c. which he offers for sale on moderate Terms.

He has also for sale a number of
TRACTS OF VALUABLE LAND,
situated in the counties in the neighborhood of Paducah, Kentucky. These lands are very productive, in a fine salubrious climate and at very low prices. This region affords peculiar facilities for getting products to market, and good prices are at all times attainable. au 10—tf

EYE SIGHT RESTORED.

FROM AN OHIO PAPER.

MR. PRINTER—There is a man residing in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, who possesses a new plan of restoring eye sight.

By taking his advice people will find themselves so easily getting well, so easily getting cured, that they'll almost be at a loss to tell how.

They'll almost be at a loss to tell *how* their afflictions were overcome, and they restored to health and happiness again.

Why, friend reader, the regaining of health and of such blessings to those who had the misfortune to lose them, can never be paid with gold and silver and worldly things.

Indeed, the recovery of such blessings is invaluable; and when people get their eye sight again let them offer up prayer to God, and not to man. For, it is to *Him* that praise is due, and not to the physician.

The farmer giveth seed to the earth, but a kind Providence giveth harvest.

So, on similar principles, the physician giveth remedy to the sick, but that same kind Providence giveth health. *Let us be thankful.*

A letter to the subscriber will make known to applicants the nature of help, and that for a fee of five dollars it will be sent free of postage. And if any additional help—any additional remedial help—should be wanted, 'twill be sent on without any further charge.

The fee is merely considered a recompense for the doctor's time and mental labor.

More he does not want.

And that which people get in return will be of more value to them than hundreds of such dollar fees, and as a corroboration of the above, we annex a letter from G. W. Ells to Dr. Green.

Dear Friend—Some three years since I made application to you to restore my hearing and eye sight, and at the same time for a friend of mine, Mr. Norton, (care) who was afflicted with a great degree of deafness. I mention these circumstances to bring the matter fresh to your mind. We received your remedy, followed the prescriptions, and were soon restored to the use of our ears and eyes; our general health, also, improved in the mean time, by the excellent advice you gave us on the subject of health and long life.

A young man applied to me a few days since for information—he is afflicted with weak eyes—nearly all men here, in our parts of the world, call it so that the only means to cure it, I immediately referred him to you as the only man within the circle of my acquaintance who could give relief in such cases, and he not conveniently able to write, I concluded to write myself and at the same time enclose the customary five dollar fee, and request that which is necessary will quickly be sent on.

Be kind enough to send me one of your pamphlets on the subject of health, temperance, and long life.

Yours, in friendship,
G. W. ELLS, P. M.

Granville, Ohio, Sept. 10, 1838.
To Dr. Green Bethlehem Pa. sep 7—3mow

MORUS MULTICAULIS.

THE subscribers, in connection with their present business, offer their services to the growers of Morus Multicaulis Mulberry Trees, as agents for the purchase and sale of them. Persons wishing to purchase, or sell, will please communicate with the subscribers, post paid, and all orders shall be punctually attended to. Will also attend to receiving and forwarding the trees, together with other articles appertaining to the Silk business.

For sale, a few thousand Morus Multicaulis Trees, a part of which were raised in this city, and are now from six to nine feet high. Terms cash.

H. G. STREET & SON.
Charleston, South Carolina.

August 28, 1839. sep 7—3mwtf

☞STOP THE RUNAWAY! TEN DOLLARS REWARD.

RANAWAY from the subscriber on the 23d May WILLIAM MEESER an indented apprentice to the PRINTING BUSINESS. He is about eighteen years of age, dark complexion, short thick set, black hair and eyes, and of a *down look.* It is not known what kind of clothing he had on when he left, as he received the money due him for clothing the day before he decamped. All persons are forbid harboring or trusting said boy at their peril. The above reward will be paid to any person returning him to the subscriber.

SAMUEL C. ATKINSON,
36 Carter's Alley, Philadelphia.

☞ Editors with whom we exchange will please insert the above.

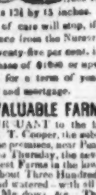
BUILDING LOTS FOR SALE.

A NUMBER of valuable BUILDING LOTS in the handsome and improving town of NEW BRIGHTON situated on the Falls of Beaver River, in Beaver County, Pa. The immense water power, the coal, iron, &c. in the immediate neighborhood, will necessarily soon make this place a great manufacturing mart—while the communication by Canal between Lake Erie and the Ohio River, which will certainly be completed the ensuing winter, will make it a considerable place of commercial business immediately.

Building lots may now be obtained very cheap, which will not probably be the case *after* the present year.—

Also for sale TWO FARMS situated near the Beaver River, about sixteen miles above New Brighton—one of them contains 140 acres, and will be sold at eighteen dollars per acre—the other contains 200 acres, and is offered at twelve dollars per acre. Abundance of coal, lime-stone, &c are found on the premises. Apply to B. B. Chamberlin, Esq. in New Brighton Beaver City, Pa. or to S. C. Atkinson, office of the Saturday Evening Post, Philadelphia. jy 6—tf

MORUS MULTICAULIS.



JAMES JARRETT, Nurseryman, Wessel, near Paterson, New Jersey, has for sale, 30,000 first rate trees of this year's growth. They are equal to his celebrated crop of the last season, which was pronounced by competent and impartial judges, to be the finest north of Virginia. Many of the trees exceed nine feet in height, with leaves 12½ by 15 inches. The Jersey City and Paterson train of cars will stop, if desired, at *Post Lane,* a short distance from the Nursery. au 31—3m

Twenty-five per cent. in cash will be received on any purchase of $1000 or upward, and the ballance may remain for a term of years, at legal interest, secured by bond and mortgage.

VALUABLE FARM AT PUBLIC SALE.

PURSUANT to the last will and testament of Col John T. Cooper, the subscribers will sell at public sale, on the premises, near Peach Bottom Ferry York county, Pa on Thursday, the seventh of November next, one of the best Farms in the lower end of said county, containing about Three Hundred and Forty Acres, well timbered and watered—with all the necessary buildings Orchard Meadows, &c. There has been Ten Thousand Bushels of Lime put on this Farm within a few years, which has had a highly beneficial effect. This property is within one mile, by a good road, from the Susquehanna and Tide Water Canal, now nearly completed, where it is supposed lime will be delivered, in a short time, at 5½ cents per bushel, thereby enabling the purchaser to improve at a cheap rate. In short there is seldom so good an opportunity of obtaining a farm combining so many advantages as the one now offered.

Sale positive—to commence at 9 o'clock, P. M. The property will be shown by either of the executors, previous to the day of sale.

JAMES M'CONKEY,
ROBERT RAMSEY, Tanner, Executors.

Peach Bottom, Sept. 26th, 1839.
sep 28—6t

SLEEPER & BROTHERS,

(Sleeper & Brother have associated with them their brothers, ISRAEL SLEEPER & EDWIN SLEEPER,)
No. 116 Market Street, Philadelphia.

EXTENSIVE
MANUFACTURERS
OF SILK, GINGHAM AND COTTON
UMBRELLAS,
PLAIN AND FANCY PARASOLS.

Comprising every variety of style and materials, which they continue to manufacture as well and as low as any house in this market not excepting the self-styled "CHEAPEST," or any other.

Patent Folding Umbrellas, especially for travelling.
jan 19—tf

LEATHER STORE.

THE subscriber having this day taken his nephew, Wm. W. Hendry, into partnership, the business will be conducted hereafter under the firm of *Chambers & Hendry,* at the old stand of Chesnut street where will be kept constantly on hand, a general assortment of *Finished Leather,* consisting of Calf, Morocco, Lining, binding, Sheep, Hog and Buck skins, Bag Leather, Japan and Chaise Hides, Harness, Bridle, Skirting, Band, Upper, Book-binders and Sole Leather.

ANDREW B. CHAMBERS.

Philadelphia, January 1st, 1839. ja 5 '39—1y

R. S. Gilbert—Engraver on Wood—

No. 21 North street, below Sixth,
Between Market and Arch, and Fifth and Sixth streets.
feb 9 '39—tf

MORUS MULTICAULIS.

on one Morus Multicaulis, fine and large, for sale to [illegible] purchasers, at the agency, by
C. WOOLMAN,
sep 14—tf Burlington New Jersey

RAND'S WRITING ACADEMY,

No. 106 South Ninth Street.

THE classes are arranged at various hours, from 7 in the morning till 9 in the evening.

For sale, as above, wholesale and retail—
The American Penman,
Rand's Introduction, in eight parts;
Do. System, with instructions;
Do. do. abridged;
Do. Piano Book;
Do. Alphabetical Copies;
Do. Ornamental do.

Orders from any part of the United States will receive prompt attention. nov 10—tf

CLEVELAND'S

Patent Syphon or Self Supplying Pen

THIS very desirable article so long needed is now offered for sale to the writing public who are invited to call and examine its merits. It is so constructed as to contain ink sufficient to write eight or ten pages without replenishing and can be made of capacity sufficient to contain double that quantity. It is portable and will save the traveller the trouble of other writing apparatus. The pens attached to the fountains are of gold tipped with rhodium, and are of a durability little if any inferior to the diamond: it may be used also with a steel or quill pen. The fountains when used have a free and equal flow of ink until exhausted.

This article may be had at the American Silk Agency, 93 Walnut street, up stairs, or of Herman Hooker, corner Fifth and Chesnut streets. nov 17—tf

SILVER PLATE, SPOON AND FORK MANUFACTORY,

South West corner of Fifth and Cherry Streets.

THE subscribers have constantly on hand, a handsome assortment of SILVER Plate, Spoons, Forks, and every article belonging to the silversmith business or manufactured to order at the neatest and best manner, so as much any part eye glass, in the lowest manufactory prices.

Persons who wish to purchase, are requested to call at their manufactory where they will find work not surpassed in the city, for neatness, taste and elegance of finish.

☞ A supply of the best Sheffield and Birmingham Plated Ware, of their own importing, kept constantly on hand, and made expressly to their order.

nov 1 '34—tf R. & W. WILSON.

WORMS, WORMS, WORMS.

TO remove these troublesome and dangerous inhabitants of the Stomach and Bowels, which so often impair the health and destroy the lives of children, use Dr. JAYNE'S TONIC VERMIFUGE, a certain and safe preparation for the removal of the various kinds of Worms, Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach, Want of Appetite, Infantile Fever and Ague, and debility of the Stomach and Bowels and organs of digestion. To be had at No 20 South THIRD street, Philadelphia. sp 20—tf

WILLIAM LANCASTER'S

FANCY Ware Feeder, Iron Stair Rods, and Curtain Pole Manufactory, No. 316 South Fourth street, Philadelphia. my 4—6m*

DAVID EVANS'S MANUFACTORY,

No. 76 South Second Street, Philadelphia.

ALWAYS on hand, a good assortment of Stoves, Heating Machines, Fire Proof Doors, Water and Fruit Coolers, Filterers, Trunk Wagons and Tin Grates; together with an extensive collection of Tin Sheet Iron, Japan and Hollow Ware. Jobbing done the shortest notice.

N. B. Old Stoves repaired or taken in exchange. my 18—6m

DOMESTIC SILK AGENCY,

No. 2 north Fifth street next door to Hoterens Bodie & Hookin's Counting House.

The subscriber has this day opened, at No 2 north Fifth street, a Commission Agency for the purchase and sale of Mulberry Trees; also, Cocoons Raw Silk, Silkworms' Eggs, Reels, and other apparatus for the production, use and manufacture of Silk.

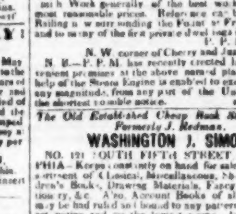
He pledges his utmost efforts to deserve the favors of his friends, and to give satisfaction. His rate commission will be ample.

He has now on hand Silkworm's Eggs—white mammoth, yellow mammoth, sulphur, &c. of the last and present year's crop, in lots to suit purchasers.

Also, several lots of Morus Multicaulis Trees in lots—50,000 8,000 5000 30,000 20,000 5000 15,000 &c—The a lots of Trees will be offered on various terms, some for cash, others on a long credit, and some for part cash and part on time.

Also, Clarke on the Mulberry Tree and Silkworm.
aug 17—tf JOHN CLARKE

PLAIN & ORNAMENTAL IRON RAILING



THE subscriber has removed his Manufactory of Wrought Iron Railing, &c. to the N. W. corner of Cherry and Juniper streets, where he continues to manufacture all kinds of Wrought Iron Railing and such Work generally of the best workmanship and most reasonable prices. Reference can be given to the Railing now surrounding the Fountain at Franklin Square, and to many of the first private dwellings in the city.

P. P. MEGGS.

N. W. corner of Cherry and Juniper streets.

N. B.—P. P. M. has recently erected large and convenient premises at the above named place, and by the help of the Steam Engine is enabled to execute orders of any magnitude, from any part of the United States at the shortest possible notice. sep 14—3m*

The Old Established Cheap Book Store Removed Formerly J. Redman.

WASHINGTON J. SIMON,

NO. 121 SOUTH FIFTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA—Keeps constantly on hand for sale, a general assortment of Classical, Miscellaneous, School, and Children's Books, Drawing Materials, Fancy Articles, Stationery, &c. Also, Account Books of all descriptions may be had ruled and bound to any pattern at the shortest notice, and on the lowest terms. Prepared Black Sand, for counting houses, in quantities, at the lowest prices. au 14—3m

MORUS MULTICAULIS.

THE subscriber is ready to purchase and sell on contract Morus Multicaulis Trees of the present growth crop, at the Silk Agency, No. 300 Market street.

CHARLES CADWALLADER.

June 8, 1839. ja 5—tf

A CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.

Ryman's Celebrated Rheumatic Liniment.

THIS medicine the few years it has been before the public has gained a celebrity, seldom, if ever equalled for the cure of Rheumatism, Sweeny or Pains, Sprains, Bruises, Pains of the back and limbs Quinsy Sore Throat, Mumps, Hoarseness, Croup, Frost Bites and is in fact for every purpose a Liniment may be needed for—And to Farmers it is of vast importance, in Sweeny, Sprains, Swellings and Flesh Wounds on Horses it would weather it is unrivalled. Scores of certificates might be adduced, but those which attend each bottle are considered sufficient, as a fair trial will always recommend it. We are gratified to be able to state to the public that an agency has just been established with *Claudius B. Linn, Henry Tratt & Co.* Drug store, *No. 214 Market street, Philadelphia,* for the whole sale and retail of the above valuable medicine. We recommend the afflicted to call and give it a trial.

It is prepared and sold wholesale and retail by C. G. R man, the sole proprietor at his drug store, MILESBURG, Centre county, Pa and may be had at almost every village in the country. aug 17—6m

EUPHRADÆAN INSTITUTE,

For Instruction in

Reading, Speaking and Singing.

THIS Institution is open for the reception of pupils from the first of September to the first of July, inclusive.

A regular course of instruction embraces *Vocal Physiology, Grammar, Ethics, Rhetoric, Logic, Music* and *Elocution;* but to those desiring it, instruction is given in either of the above branches.

The ELEMENTS, *Tuning of the Voice, Expression,* &c. receive special attention, as the success, progress of children, mainly depends upon the correctness of instructions given in the first few lessons.

IMPEDIMENTS, *Lisping, Stuttering,* &c. removed and *Stammering Cured,* unless in extreme cases, without extra charge.

For particulars, terms, &c. please enquire of
J. SAUNDERSON, A. M.

N. E. corner 5th and Race streets, Philadelphia.

N. B. As Music and Elocution are now taught in some of the leading schools in our country, upon the system of prepared for this institution, teachers and other interested in education, are invited to call and examine. J. S.

au 31—3m*

Published every Saturday,
By Samuel Coate Atkinson,
No. 36 Carter's Alley,
Third door below Third street, near the Girard Bank.
TERMS—$2 00, if not paid during the year.
$2 00 if paid in advance.
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